

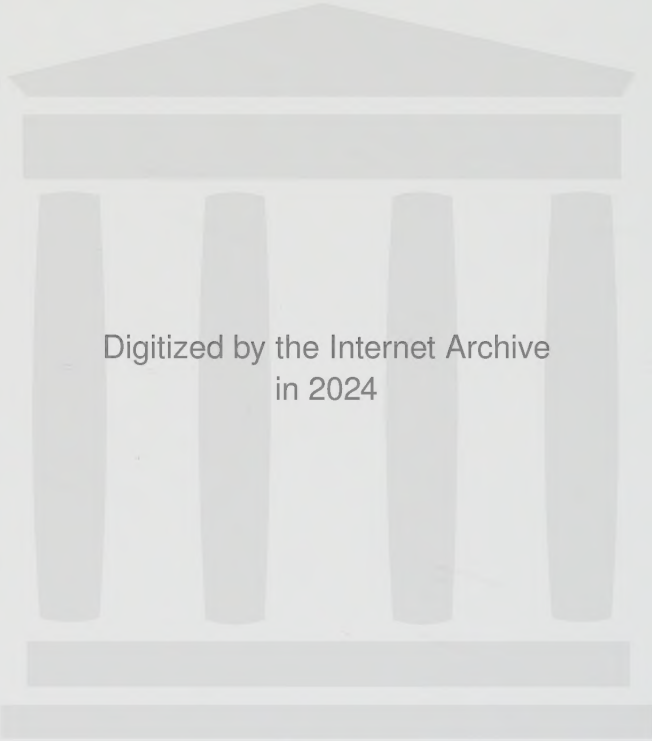
Alice In Wonderland Anthology



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Writing, Art & Photography
Inspired by Lewis Carroll's Classic Book

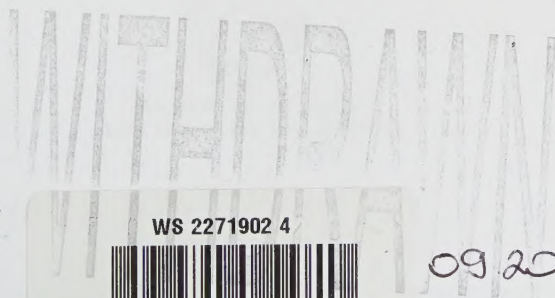
Celebrating 150 Years (1865-2015)



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Alice in Wonderland
Anthology



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Alice in Wonderland Anthology

*A Collection of Writing, Art & Photography
Inspired by Lewis Carroll's Book*

Edited by
Melanie Villines



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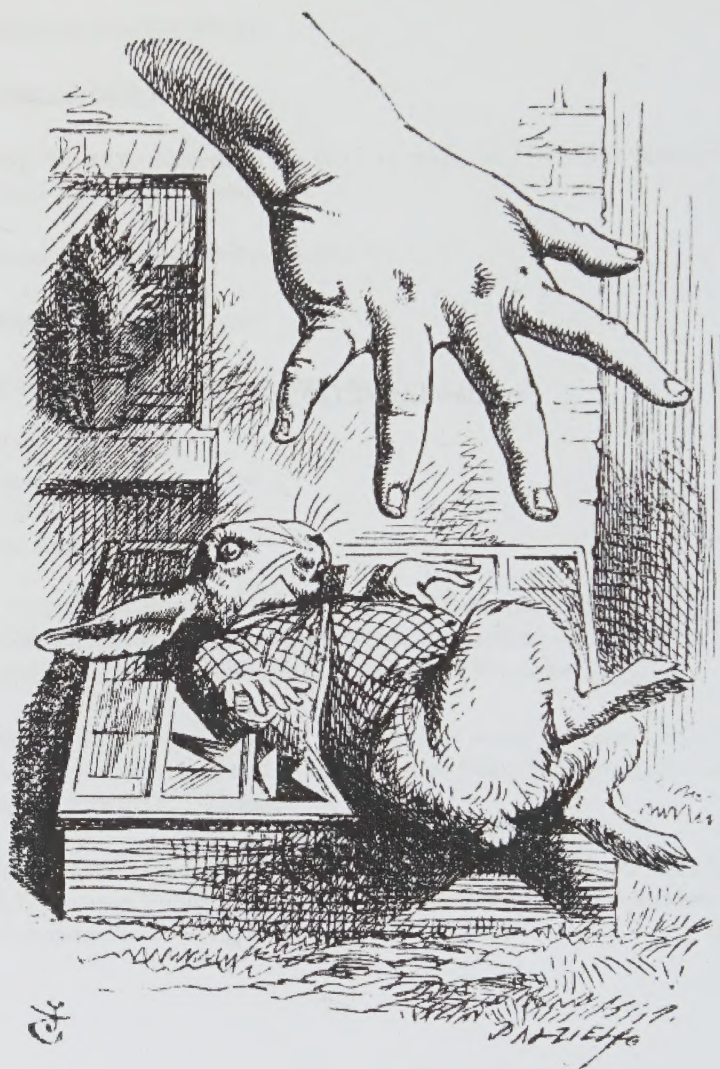
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COVER & FRONTISPIECE by John Tenniel, from *The Nursery Alice* (1890), a shortened version with colored illustrations of the 1865 edition of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

NOTE: Contributors retain all rights to their work. To contact one of the authors or artists, send an email to silver@silverbirchpress.com and we will forward the message.

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For Alice Liddell (1852-1934)



FOREWORD

In June 2014, Silver Birch Press issued a call for submissions for poetry, prose, art, photography, and other work inspired by Lewis Carroll's masterwork, *Alice in Wonderland*.

We received submissions from authors and artists around the world, and have prepared the *Alice in Wonderland Anthology* to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the book that continues to offer inspiration and insight generation after generation.

Enjoy these heartfelt offerings from some of Alice's biggest fans. Published in 1865, *Alice in Wonderland* remains one of the world's most popular books—and is still relevant and respected in 2015, a phenomenon that is sure to continue in the years to come.



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Alice

John Tenniel

"I'm Late!"



LEWIS CARROLL

Alice's Adventures Underground

First page

Chapter 1



Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and where is the use of a book, thought Alice, without pictures or conversations? So she was considering in her own mind, (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid,) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain was worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

Tatiana Ianovskaia

Jump into Wonderland



Roxana Bennett

After the Candle

It's no use to pretend this fall
will not end in my going out
altogether. Not worth the trouble
of pleasure. I am what the flame

of a candle is like after the candle
is blown out. There's not enough
of me left, a comfort one way,
I shall never get any older than

I am now. I'm afraid I can't put
it more clearly, there's hardly any
room for you and none at all for me.
I shan't remember this. Remember me.

Ed Bremson

fancy

once or twice
to think nothing
of knowledge,
to be lost in
your own head
with a curious fancy
to climb into
a little glass box

Cathy Bryant

The Other Side

She races through the looking glass
which shatters,
sending peppery mercury skittering.
Her head whacks on its backboard.
Broken mirror bits
slice her caterpillar-soft skin.
She looks at herself in a biggish fragment
and cat-grins.
Soon this incomprehensible hell
will be over, and she will go down
into a hole.
Slowly she transforms into the red queen.

Kari BRUCK, PHOTOGRAPHY
Kristin Geber, CONCEPT

Alice



Kathy Burkett

Miss Misfit

Everywhere she went,
she had to change
into somebody else.

She had to be smaller,
shrink to fit.

Once she ate too much
of the wrong thing,

found herself outgrowing
a house, arms popping
out of the windows.

They yelled,
threw rocks at her
until she was able
to make herself fit.

When she grew smaller
she scurried away.

She never knew
who she was going
to have to be
from one moment
to the next.

Once her head
telescoped into the sky,
neck serpent-like,
soaring over treetops ⇒

so far away from her feet
she could no longer see them,
dreamt of sending them
shoes for Christmas.

She was called a monster,
promptly shrank down
to something smaller,
someone you could fit
in your pocket.

She was lost,
asking directions without
any destination in mind

Wherever she went,
she was
out of place,
eating and drinking
to fit in.

It was much madness,
but she tried to make sense
of the muchness.

She grew curious
and the world around her
grew curiouiser and curiouiser.

Kallie Falandays

Before the Tears

Alice was beginning, beginning, began. Alice was hot,
her mind was sleepy. She didn't think anything was remarkable.
Naturally, she fell slowly. She went down. She saw maps.
Well, she thought, I wonder, she thought of the center.
Alice began. In a dreamy way, it didn't matter: Alice was hurt.

She looked up: it was dark. To be lost: Alice, like the wind.
There seemed to be the little door, the table, a book, telescopes.
Curious, indeed. She, like a candle, forgot the little table, the box:
creep, I don't care! The garden garden garden, into nothing!

Nettie FARRIS

What Alice Thought, While Falling

The good thing about hitting the bottom, she thought, is at least you have something to stand on. Something solid.

Jamie Feldman

"Explain Yourself!" Said the Caterpillar Sternly

Wonder under tumble and down,
Through the glass and under a crown.
Which way are you going?
Which way have you come?
Revise and consider
Where you have come from.

Run through smoke and fog and the sea.
Run from all the things you could be.
A red queen or a knave?
A mome rath outgrabe?
One thing to remember:
To always behave.

Curtsy when one is spoken to.
Never disrupt when you are through.
But where is the wonder?
But where is the dream?
I've learned from the flowers
Life's not what it seems.

Pawns can take kings and queens and rooks.
Dreams do exist outside of books.
But do your thoughts bring joy?
Or Jabberwock fear?
Please drink the potion
And keep your head clear

Cheshire Cat smiles question your time.
Answer in riddle or in rhyme.
Will you ask me through smoke?
Play a game for two?
Down through the rabbit hole,
That's where you'll find you.

Julia Margaret Cameron

Alice Liddell



Jennifer Finstrom

I Confide in Alice Liddell About My Divorce

She does not seem to comprehend what I
am talking about though she listens politely,
perched on the stack of books I have given
her as a chair, Eliot's *Middlemarch* visible
under the lace hem of her blue dress.
We are in my apartment, drinking tea
from my great-grandmother's china cups:
mine is pink and Alice's is green. She holds
the saucer on her lap and stares at me as if
I'm changing into something that I'm not,
something only she can see. When she turns
her gaze to the ceiling, I pour more tea,
replenish the plate of marzipan shaped
like little oranges and pears, and produce
a deck of cards. While Alice stares at whatever
is floating above us, I play patience with myself,
dealing out heart after heart after heart.

Sandra Herman

Serpent



Joanie Hieger Fritz Zosike

Alice's Sister

Go ask Alice

Ha! She doesn't know a wretched thing
What a joke, running after that bloke
She slithered to the underground with
The first fancy gentleman she sees
So fussy and fluffy and fine and late

An anti-clockwise Rabbit!

She fancied him, chased after him—
I have told her and told her again
Not to mess with strange men.
But does she listen to me? Never!
I'm just the older, cleverer sister

Don't, I say!

Take pills or potions from strangers
In- or visible, especially when far from
Home. Before you know it you'll be
Overgrown like a redwood stuck in a
Drug-laden epic, or swimming in

Your own tears!

And what am I to tell Mum about
That querulous party you went to
You, the only girl there! For shame!
There you go again, marching after
Another rabbit with a ridiculous hat!

Cheeky, though chaste,

You were chased out of that fest fast
You are a disaster, Alice! All you do
Is rile people up. So disagreeable a girl
Don't you know the way to play croquet ⇒

On the Red Queen's quay? It's perilous!

Pink Flamingos

Can't save you from royally fascist ways
And not once, when that sleepy rodent
At the Tea Party dissed our dear Dinah
Did you defend her! You've got to prevail
Or Cheshire cats will carry you off

In the mist

As you succumb again through a
Looking Glass to seek a logical solution at last
"Come home," hear Mum and me from afar
Come home, don't get lost in the Mimsy
Borogoves! There are chores to do and
I shan't be shackled again with tidying up

Those barmy cards!

The yard's in a shambles with remains
Of your daffy daydream (no matter how
Mathematically based). I rest my case, Alice
Who DO you think you are? Nothing special
No one will know of you in 150 years, Missy

Renee Mallett

It's Always Teatime



Missing

Do you know how many people pass through these parts? Think Haight-Ashbury during the Summer of Love. Better yet think a sports riot. It doesn't matter which one, just pick your favorite and most destructive. When that little green frog sings about "The lovers, the dreamers, and me," well, I think he might have been talking about this neck of the woods. Everyone comes through here, it seems, sometimes in droves, sometimes in drips and drabs, but either way I can't be expected to remember each and every one.

Fine, fine. You don't have to get threatening. I guess I do kind of remember the one you're talking about. Little blonde girl, nice dress, clean pinafore. Sure. She stood out some. I'll be honest, she was a little higher class than what usually passes through here. Well-spoken, when she chose to be, clearly some highborn educated parents were in the mix at some point. But,

yeah. More obsessed with royalty than she should have been, reciting the odd bit of poetry to show off the good schooling, typical little English lady I suppose you could say. I think she even said she had a nanny. Girl like that stands out in these parts. We got good folks that live here year round, sure, but the ones who drift through tend to be the ones on their way down if you get my meaning. We'll get the random noble guy, usually only after he's drug-addled, but the little girl wasn't too far-gone yet. Whatever she was up to hadn't started to show.

Oh? No drugs. Sure, sure. Nice girl like that. I understand you don't want that in the report you show her parents. Go ahead and tape over that part if you want. I'm not a stickler, just doing my part as a good citizen, like you said, just trying to help parents find closure.

But back to what I was saying. She was a girl who didn't seem to have a reason to want to leave home. Bored, I suppose, but no real hardship like we see in the others. You could just look at her and see the money. My god, we had one come through a few years later came from some godawful dustbowl farm in some nowhere place. Couldn't blame that one for taking off. Any young person in that position would think there was a better future just beyond the next hill or past the next rainbow. Your girl, though, that one was different. Nicely dressed, well groomed, no abuse that the eye could see. Wandered in on her own, tried making some friends, didn't seem to get the response she was hoping for, and she was off again. Nothing much more to say.

No, I don't know where she is or even where she went. And I don't like the suggestion otherwise if you want to know the truth. You're not the first one to come through after the fact looking for a runaway, if you want to know. Most of who comes through here doesn't have anyone back wherever looking for them but every so often there is. And I've got to tell you, you all come in here the same way with your accusations and innuendos. You think you know about this place but you don't. You don't know a damn thing. There's a whole mythology built around it, but the place those articles write about and the artists illustrate? That's not the place I know.

We're good people here. Hardworking. Hat makers, and cooks, and chimneysweeps. It's not like they say. There's law and order here. We have a Queen that isn't just some figurehead. She keeps her eye on things, let me tell you. And while I'm telling you I have some other things to say about your little English lady that her parents probably wouldn't want to hear.

That good little girl with the polished shoes and precise pronunciation? She wasn't here for more than a day before she was hanging around a known drug dealer. Yeah, we've got a few of them. What of it? Every place does. He's a harmless sort, so you can get any sort of deviancy coming to your girl on his account out of your head. Fancies himself something of a philosopher though I've never been able to make any heads or tails out of his gibberish. But your girl took right up with him, trying to figure out who she was, I'm sure. Isn't that what they're all doing?

She got up to all kinds of shenanigans while she was here. But you can't blame that on us. No, sir! She crashed tea parties, stuffed her face with any delicacy she came across, insulted people left and right. Our Queen, long live her, tried to take the girl in and give her a little guidance. But there was no helping that one. Vandalized the royal gardens and spouted off some nonsense when given the chance to recite in front of a noble retinue.

Then your girl, that nice English lady in the making, she stole a baby. Yes, stole a baby. From a Duchess, no less. Snatched it right away while the Duchess was overseeing as the cook prepared lunch. I saw the girl a few hours later. And where was the baby? Well, I'll tell you, it wasn't there then and it hasn't been seen since. Quite the mystery then, isn't it? I questioned her about what happened to it my own self and you know what she said? She called it a pig. That's some Manson Family stuff right there. Imagine that, your proper English clients probably didn't tell you the entire truth about the little girl they need back so bad did they? Probably never told you she was the type of girl to take a baby and laugh and call it a pig just a few hours later.

So no, I don't know where your girl is and you can keep flashing the little portrait of her around all you like but no one here messed with that girl and no one here knows where she went next. And good riddance to her. Think of the parents?

Trust me buddy, I have. I talked to your girl. She asked me for directions, I asked where she was trying to go, and would you believe she told me she didn't care where she went. Did not care. Can you believe that? I thought about the parents plenty then, let me tell you. All these kids that come through here, I'd like to tell all their parents something. You teach your kids to care where they go because otherwise? Otherwise they'll end up anywhere and believe you me, buddy, for most folks wandering around not caring where they go, it ain't no wonderland. No kind of wonderland at all.

Elvis Schmouljianoff, ART & DESIGN
Donatella Parisini, PHOTOGRAPHY

Curiouser and Curiouser



as the world falls down

close your eyes otherwise you won't see anything

(((echo)))

close your eyes otherwise you won't see anything

feet so solidly touching stone ledge

feet inching up above ledge horizontal hanging and
then back bending diving feet flying up over head feet
stuck pointing

midair waves of the hand held out and slow
descending a hand waving a body undulating stuck
collaged glued and waiting

gravity all nonsense now

an arch of the back

the objects in the room lift

float

I'm bouncing off walls and ceiling

I'm struggling with my own

limbs a torso twist a swimming motion

synchronized kick

can't drop

without gravity

the waves push in dreams we spin don't fall

the hands turn out of control

if I jump would I survive
(a clean dive perhaps)

the (dream's) collapsing

second hand ticking stitching the world together in
glittering pieces the silver spins and spins she would spin it
and it would (never) topple time
never fails to drop (us into
silence)

do you want to take a leap
(the gravity of that request)

*

I watch the passages the ((((((ripples)))))) change their
size

pathways evolve in a natural selection of the
imagination
sensitive to noise

nervous shortcuts caught a glimpse pathways react real
progress—

achieved only through ventures that draw upon a
million dead-end visions built

eternal perceptions of this world can change
unexpectedly impossible to reach the center

in a single step this world must be negotiated in
increments little hops and pecks

look at the world after each turn and face the—

but this was a dead-end

Rizwan Saleem

Hello Alice...

Come my dear
Come on down
To this wonderland
So far yet so near
And leave behind all that you hold so dear
Come to nights of mystic moons
And wake to cold winter dawns
Bring down with you your album of fears
Now wash them clean in the pool of tears
Look around and see
And let the sights burn into your iris
And wonder what other wonders can bring
It's very easy to take more than nothing
Why worry where you are?
Why not start at one?
Then begin again
When you think you're done
When you finish you'll be left bare
From what you were
But second to none
Strange days these in strange places
Left to ponder how you got here
But if you don't know where you're going dear
Then all roads take you there.

Albert Schlaht

Wake Up!

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!
On to Fantasy Land you go;
Neither sadness, nor gloom dwells there,
Drop your troubles and lose your cares,
Ere the journey begins;
Run free! Run free! Run free!
Leap and twirl, hop and skip and shout—
And don't forget to sing aloud—
'No need to cry, no need to pout,
Dreary days have gone away,
 (Sunny days are here to stay')

Anita Schmaltz

Which Way? Which Way?



Sheikha A.

Alice's Dream

I saw a rabbit much unlike
a waist-coated, twitching
creature, white and furry,
in frantic hurry;

it appeared dark
as soot of night
but ears flopping
and eyes signaling
to follow its trail

...tail turned feathers
as I chased in clumsy
stumbles, my dream-blurred
eyes zooming to its altering;
its limbs protruding
and feet penciling out
to wiry, petite webs

...glancing to me,
its modest nose
now a shining point
like a compass's needle
indicating route,
eliciting sky from earth

...eyes deepened,
camouflaging
with the color of night
to fence its intent

...I hustled, ⇒

followed,
tumbled,

regained foot,

a voice from an intangible
distance amplified gradually

as the rabbit stretched
its limbs like a preying eagle
posed to flight, to trespass
barriers of a shifting sky.

The voice jogged
to the ends with me

as I watched the rabbit
fly off on magnificent
wings, into the dense night.

The sky floated

...a writing desk;

the voice heavy

...nearing,

gasping

...“Alice,

have you any idea
why a raven is
like a writing desk?”

My body stiffens
simultaneously to the sky

bloating,

closing in on my vision

...my (sleep-filled) chattering;

I murmur a reply

...perhaps, the raven is

the floating sky

...and its beak a pen

but, then

I'm no Alice...

A.E. Stallings

Alice in the Looking Glass

No longer can I just climb through—the time
Is past for going back. But you are there
Still conning books in Hebrew, right to left,
Or moving little jars on the dresser top
Like red and white pieces on a chessboard. Still
You look up curiously at me when I pass
As if you'd ask me something—maybe why
I've left you locked inside. I'd say because
That is where I'd have reflections stay,
In surfaces, where they cannot disquiet,
Shallow, for all that they seem deep at bottom;
Though it's to you I look to set things right—
(The blouse askew, hair silvering here and here)—
Where everything reverses save for time.

Wendy Stroh



Alice

Well welcome Alice—so glad you’ve come
You’re just in time for a currant bun
Sit here, dear girl, sit next to me
And let me pour you a cup of tea.

We’ve plenty here to tempt you with
A light sponge cake made with a sieve
A sandwich with the crusts cut off
Don’t mind the Hatter—he often scoffs!

Perhaps a scone with cream and jam
Or maybe a slice of tender ham
A fairy cake, or a little swiss-roll
Aren’t you glad you fell down that hole?

Take no notice of the Dormouse snores
Just slide the flapjack from under his paws
May I offer you some gingerbread?
Or how about a little chat instead?

Some sensible conversation at last
For really that Rabbit just goes too fast!
Oh Alice, I’m simply happy you’re here
Will you take another cup of tea my dear?

Amy Schreibleman Walter

Six Before Breakfast

"In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again." Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland

I am falling down the rabbit hole
going after you as I am
in my old red dress
the one that's really too small
for me (I am not a little girl).
I am scuffing my knees
(holding onto foundations made
of mud: unstable, precarious)—
it is easy to slip. I believe
in impossible things, six
before breakfast;
I am simply drunk.

Am I drunk on just the air?
Or these thoughts of being with you
in a dark place? I look
in the mirror (the handle is broken),
woodchips fall into my hand,
splinters slice codes into my palms.
I am curious (can't stop imagining)—
are you wearing a ridiculous hat—
dashing as always?
Tops and tails, and your teeth,
grinning. I do believe
everything you say. Make me
laugh (you're so good at that).

I consume impossibilities, I
drink them in like a little girl
(like someone who doesn't know

danger). We could
have a little party. You taste
as sweet as cake; we were
like the rabbits in springtime.
I watch playing cards fall
through my fingers, to the earth—
the Joker, the Queen (they land face up).
This isn't a wonderland.
I am dizzy, quite confused.
When it comes to you, I believe
impossible things—six
alone, before breakfast.



Wonderland

Emily Yu

White Rabbit Meets Dail



Mary Jo Bang

Alice in Wonderland

Such a fall! Watch fob and waistcoat.
How late the mistake is made.
How long the clamoring lasts.

Who are you? Bending against a blade
of green grass. Smoke fills
the Caterpillar. Smoke floats

over the polka dot snow.
Have you really changed, do you think?
This is the best part of the dark edge of down.

Down, down, she fell. This is the best part
of the edge where one is not one-
self. Don't I know it, Alice says,

blinking her eyes once twice.
*She took down a jar from one of the shelves
as she passed it; it was labeled "ORANGE*

MARMALADE."

The game was changing.
There are games where one never wavers.
There are games where one follows

a dot-by-dot disturbance.
There is falling, and about to
fall, and ground giving way.

There is the beautiful
act of turning
to buy two and getting a free beach bag.

Perfect for picnics or toting and such. ⇒

A flavorful favor to take on a trip
to a mountain where chocolate is eaten
on weekends and during the week
it's placed on your pillow
right next to your head which is swimming

in visions. She could almost envision it.
A pool with a placid surface,
mist shrouding a peak

that poked through at the top
to speak of impossible heights.
But, no. The peak was a spike

on the encephalogram
and she was dreaming again in a sleep-clinic bed.
Father was petting her forehead;

Mother was stirring a soup.
She'd be ever more
reckless if never she woke.

Now that was not said right.
Some of the words had got altered.
A row of button mums hedged the walkway.

She stopped
to enter this datum
in her Rite as Reign notebook.

She knew what the button mums meant.
Another fall.
Dying must happen quite often, said Alice.

Virginia Barrett

Alice Statue Whirl



The Alice in Wonderland Statue Central Park, New York City

Alice—
here I find you once again
sitting on the giant mushroom
welcoming near the water

you're still as I remember
just shrunk a little smaller
the Mad Hatter, White Rabbit,
and Cheshire Cat, too

only now I can read
all the lines inscribed
as the children scramble upon you
(but I claim no wisdom with age)

*They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him;
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.*

Sabina C. Becker

To Wonderland and Back

1. Down the Rabbit-Hole

Quick! Before he gets away,
jump in after him!

It's not every day that one sees a rabbit with a pocket-watch.
It's not every day that one follows his warren
to wherever it leads.

So where does it lead?
Surely, to no place
that ordinary rabbits go.

And sure enough,
this is no common rabbit-hole,
with plain dirt walls, and plant-roots poking between stones;

instead, there are signs of higher civilization.
The walls are lined with shelves; the shelves, with books
that have no pictures or conversations.

You have fallen long and far enough to peruse one,
and grow quite bored with it; still there's no end in sight.
For that matter, no rabbit.

No matter.
When you finish falling,
you'll find him out.

2. Madness

Where does it end?

You've eaten drunk this potion, eaten that cake,
nibbled mushrooms, sipped tea and conversed with the mad
of half a dozen species at least, run caucus-races with them all, and still

that white rabbit eludes you.
You've grown too big, shrunk too small,
heard him call for Mary Ann,

and fall through cucumber-frames with a tinkle
as terrible as any in England—

and just when you think he'll never stop for you,
he comes in, calls you Mary Ann,
and takes you to tea with the Queen.

3. A Pack of Cards

What jokers they all are!
They can't even play a proper round of croquet.
Whoever heard of using flamingoes as mallets?

Oddly, the birds don't mind
if you try to whack balls with their heads.
Everyone here is mad.

And the balls? Why, they're hedgehogs,
so they don't mind being hit and bumbled about.
After all, they've got spines.

Pity the flamingoes, they tell you.
And mind you hit us only with the beaks;
that way, it doesn't hurt them as much.

Meanwhile, the Queen
is threatening everyone's head.
For one whose suit is hearts, she hasn't any.

At length, you tire of their game,
because at last you see them for what they are.
You shout, and they fly at your face.

Get up, you goose, and brush away
the leaves of your long sleep.

Rebecca Bokma

Hidden Down the Rabbit Hole

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd because it was
The middle of the night.

So you shall enter Wonderland
With its unearthly glow,
All its bright coloured creatures who
You will begin to know.
Odd unnerving features in love
Shall you begin to grow.

In love with Lewis Carroll's work,
Or more commonly know,
Revd Charles Dodgson he was named,
Now if you would follow;
A pleasant walk a pleasant talk,
Into his world below.

And I shall be your guide and host,
A genius I'm acclaimed.
Until you understand this book
Or beheading is blamed.
So shall we start this caucus race
And go where we are aimed?

Wonderland is a wondrous place!
Please, just heed this warning
That the fake beauty that you see,
It fades away with spring.
The darkness that abides inside

You soon shall be seeing.

And you will see beyond the jewels
A crocodile with claws,
Shattering jewels of childhood dreams
With gently smiling jaws.
So don't be caught and don't be caught
Upon this path don't pause.

As she falls down the rabbit hole
Alice begins to find
Nonsensical things she can't name
And things that she can mind.
She falls, and falls, and falls some more,
She prays she's not confined.

Alice finds herself surrounded
By doors that she finds cold,
But there's one door that's inviting
Beyond a curtain fold.
She shrinks and grows until she fits
Into the keyholes mould.

As Alice enters Wonderland
And starts to take a stroll
She constantly is confronted
And fights to gain control.
The other characters surround
And ask her of her soul.

Though Alice says she woke one way
She finds out of the blue
She cannot answer one question,
Can't answer; who are you?
She hems and haws and wonders why
And states the world untrue.

She decides that she is different ⇒

And isn't who she was.
Her recitations are not right,
This bothers her because
Her lessons are all that is left
Of her world and its cause.

The Caterpillar asks her who,
The Pigeon does the same.
The Hare & Hatter think her mad
And who are we to blame?
Alice's reality is
Only to them a game.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of other things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings;
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

In our adventures we do see
Some madness to begin.
The characters we meet are mad
And hearken with a grin.
And Alice feels her temper rise,
Much to others chagrin.

And what's behind this maddened land?
A darkness to pursue
Alice through this mad adventure,
Which she can't deem untrue.
For why did she escape her world?
To find her own refuge.

Refuge she sadly cannot find
As Wonderland is seen
To have dark political pasts
While ruled by the red queen.

Her love of execution reigns
Behind the coloured screen.

Alice recalls back to the start
The doors that she had passed.
They had been locked, but there was one
That almost seemed miscast.
Through its beauty she couldn't see
The darkness that would last.

Despite the sadness, Alice finds
Among the characters
There are more stories that are bright,
Int'resting adventures.
A sense of phantasmagoric
She happily endures.

From the Mouse she learns facts are real.
Lessons are important.
Although they can be long winded,
Attention must be lent.
Who knows when you'll be needing
The knowledge's extent.

She also learns from the Cheshire
How he can disappear.
Although he could drive Alice mad,
She learned she could endear.
For what a better lesson than
That we are all mad here?

Madness can be dark and beauty,
And Alice can agree.
She saw it all through Wonderland
But still could not foresee,
Flowers and cakes and rabbits all
She's able to decree - ⇒

Beauty of life is enticing,
As long as it is real.
For if you come across a fake
It may just come and steal
The reality that you know
May be a dream appeal.

So as her sister woke her up
And asked her what was wrong,
Alice told her what had occurred
And kept her story strong.
Her sister paused and wondered what
She'd believed all along.

Lewis Carroll is a genius!
Well, just think about it.
What better way to get readers
Than make our world unfit,
And provide for his audience
A girl with clever wit?

To him our world is very dull
And Wonderland is bright.
So why not go to someplace else
Remove us from our plight?
And why not go to somewhere odd
If beauty is in sight?

But aforementioned I did say
Don't wander into dreams.
For Wonderland is raving mad
And all to their extremes;
Beyond the curtain and the door,
It's not all as it seems.

Maureen E. Doallas

Upon Seeing Alice in 3D

No doubt you
have some special talent

in my dreams. Not everyone,
after all, is born

as you with such a figment
for suspended animation

so head o'er heels,
gyre and gimble in the wabe

of whiffing tulgey wood and
borogoves. But—and, mind you

there's always a but
for to reason and wrestle—I wish

you'd make your mimsy more
beware. Words lobbed

one hemisphere over another
wither sense, and numbers

get turned 'round, and cards
do battle, white against red, and

black knight banished not with love and
teapots upset and, oh dear, yes,

a rabbit dressed in morning coat
serves up no one's snicker-snack! Would ⇒

Mad Hatter had burbled on for
me as Tweedledum does Tweedledee

as he does Alice, too, and, galumphing
back behind White Queen

before the Red is dead, bow
deep and spell me, as his wont, his

eyes to spin and brain to
freeze. What more might leave you

stunned? Your drug of choice
numbs the stress and press of time

at the back of the neck like thumbs
on screws. Meanwhile, I up from hole

removed such rose-colored glasses
as Alice, herself returned quite right

in head, does her own fair bidding
best, a jib to Hatter's jig and jag of

glorious nonsense. Callooh! Callay!

Jackie Fox

Wonderland

When Cancer shoved you
through the rabbit hole
into the Kingdom of Dread,
there was so much to learn!
The River of Tears that all
must swim through
to gain entrance,
the secret language of Gemzar
and Taxotere, most magic
of poisons,
the clock's hands stopped
at Treatment Time, until
your days wind down
to where Time can't reach.
Most curious of all,
your body's mad trajectory,
first growing larger with fluid,
then smaller, turning you at last
into the Cheshire Cat,
as you slowly dissolve
around your luminous
grin.

Katarina Stanic

The Mad Hatter



Trish Hopkinson

Why is a raven like a writing-desk?

I haven't the slightest idea.
Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?
What day of the month?
Ah! that accounts for it.
I dare say you never even spoke to Time!
If you knew Time as well as I do,
you wouldn't talk about wasting it.
It is the same thing with you.
It's very easy to take *more* than nothing.
'Round goes the clock—
whisper a hint to Time,
keep it to half-past one
as long as you like.
It goes on, you know,
in this way.
Things get used up—
we've no time
between whiles.
(It *began* with the tea.)
Have you guessed the riddle yet?

[illegible]

Mathias Jansson

Alice's beat

Singing, nursing, giving every line

Speak beat to teases

Wow! Wow! Wow!

Speak beat pleases

Wow! Wow! Wow!

Bit baby

But baby

Like a steam-engine

Laura M. Kaminski

Dormouse Revision

The Mad Hatter and March Hare
Invited us to tea
They couldn't interest Alice
But they captivated me

They're arguing and irritating
(Put on my sleeping cap)
Debating and deliriating
(I have a little nap)

They are truly rotten hosts
Although they do their best
It's why I love when they invite me
Because I'm a rotten guest

They yell and pound the table
They scream, they shout, they pout
I'm ignoring and I'm snoring
And my tongue is hanging out

Alice prefers the angels
Who are patient and polite
But there's very little I can learn
From beings who are always right

It doesn't interest me as much—
That "created holiness"—
As the holy fragments to be found
In the rest of us under the mess

Angels are bright and shiny,
Reliable, accurate, true—
But God created man from mud

And as we muddle through

The very best that I can offer
(Blackened kettle to blackened pot)
Is to be alert when you are shining
And be snoring when you're not.

Kevin Korb

Upward



JO Anna Elizabeth Larson

Alice in Wonderland Haikus

Down the rabbit hole;
Small, then big, then small again;
into the garden.

Caterpillar smoke
a Cheshire smile without the cat;
the Hatter beckons.

Then, "Off with her head!"
Croquet played with flamingos;
caucus race to run.

White roses now red;
the frumious Bandersnatch;
dreams of Dinah fade.

A pig and pepper;
Dormouse nodding off to sleep;
Old Father William.

Oh! What of poor Bill?
Just be glad you're no lobster.
Eaten stolen tarts.

Here are twinkle bats,
Gryphons, mock-turtles and clams;
Ever Wonderland.

Justin Jackley

Mad Hatter



Ae Hee Lee

Mad as a Hatter

Flies made out of butter fluttered in her stomach,
dancing like a mischievous breeze.
But later did she made up her mind,
that those were no *butter-flies*.

They were gentler feelings,
more fleeting and slightly more ticklish.
Resembling tangy soap bubbles; pop and rise.
Fascination.
That was when she met him for the first time.

"Tea?" he asked.
He did not greet her beforehand,
yet he did not forget to include a sly smile.
Oh he *knew*.
He knew well she could not say no.

She followed him towards somewhere.
An old clock struck its faithful hour;
the sound echoed down the empty corridor.
Only he and she.

Tick-tock.
Tickety-tock.
6 o'clock.

His voice was soft,
even more like alluring.
It had a certain power to make the listener crave for more.
She tilted her head towards him,
expecting for more of its magic.

"Milk tea?" ⇒

he asked at the table, holding a little porcelain pot.
"Yes, please," she managed to say.
His hand grazed hers as he reached for her cup.
She flinched unwillingly.

Her emerald eyes,
reflected on the recently poured tea,
quivered.
He smiled knowingly.

"Is this alright? Or a little more?"
he asked.
Puzzlement crossed her innocent eyes.
"But my cup is as full as it can be—"
"Ah yes. But you see, *mine* is quite empty."

How queer, she thought to herself
(It would be rude to say it aloud).
Everything he said made *sense*.
Surely, he had cast a spell on her,
but she didn't mind.

He gave a sip at his empty cup. He scowled.
He patted the dust off his coat.
"I am quite fond of obsessions, you know?"
he enigmatically remarked.

"Is it so?"
she merely said.
He smiled upon her. Her mind went blank.
"Yes, everyone is mad here"
Wonder.

Suddenly, he stood up and asked,
"Do you wish to kill time?"
His back was now on her.
"A thousand years. Can you do that?"

There was a troubling sensation
attached to each word,
yet strangely, she felt her heart at ease.
A thousand years of nonsense with *him*?

"Yes, please."

She whispered as if she were asking for more tea.
She caught a hint of golden in his eyes.
They swept off her feet from reality.
Shimmering.

"Yes, please."

She muttered once again, enchanted by him.
His confident smile surfaced again.
She felt a shiver.
She hoped she had *said* what she *meant*.

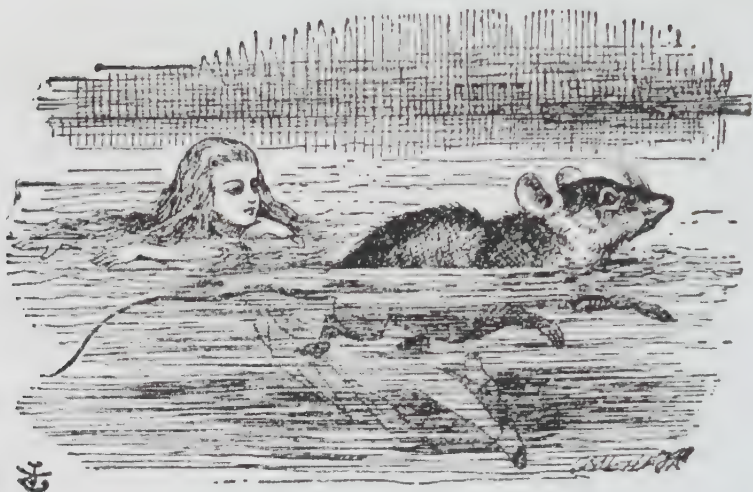
He handed her another cup of tea.
She drank it as if it were poison,
when it was a murder weapon and an elixir.

A thousand years—or *more*.
The tea party would go on and on.

Yes, tickety-tock.
Forever, 6 o'clock.

John Tenniel

The Pool of Tears



Alwyn Marriage

Six impossible things before breakfast

Like what?

demanded Alice.

Well...the white queen hesitated trying to formulate something that was obviously impossible but that she could imagine, (ignorant of the fact that a number of philosophers have grappled with this problem over the years).

Then, grasping each finger in turn as she enumerated, she began:

1. I expect you think that when the sun goes down, no one can read a book, because the light from oil lamps and from candles is too dim. But I manage to believe that everyone could flick a little switch that would instantly illuminate all the rooms within their house, making night as bright as day.

2. With a little more effort it's possible to believe that you and I could be transported at enormous speed to Timbuktu and back without the aid of horse and carriage.

3. It's possible, you know, to keep a tiny pet machine on which to imprint messages ⇒

that can be simultaneously read
on the far side of the world
(if anyone there happens to be sitting
at their desk, rather than slumbering
in bed).

4. If I try hard enough
I can even believe it's possible
to send a strange-shaped vehicle
into outer space
and land it accurately on a comet
over two hundred and sixty
million miles away.

5. I stubbornly believe
that countries that go to war,
slay millions of each other's citizens,
lay waste to the most beautiful cities,
breed distrust and engender hate,
can, within a few short years,
learn to respect each other and join
in a peaceful union of nations.

6. And this morning I even believed
that a little girl could pass through glass
into my realm, and then expect
to get away without losing her head.

Alice gave the queen a quizzical look,
and as she plotted her escape
(hoping, rather than believing,
that it was possible), decided
that if she ever made it back
to normal life, instead of daydreaming
she'd study science and engineering.

Valerie Hunter

Melancholia, or the Mock Turtle's Lament

Once I was a real Turtle
and I sang joyous songs,
did joyous things,
had joyous thoughts.
I went to school,
as Turtles do,
had friends, played games,
learned my Reeling and Writhing,
my Arithmetic, my Drawling,
filled my head with all
the wonders
of the Sea.

It's there that I grew sad,
forgot myself,
my joyous ways.
It's there that I got lost;
too many wonders to consider,
too many Mysteries
too many tears.
I wish I could un-know it all,
reclaim what came before,
call back the tears and be myself again,
just me,
a real Turtle
once more.

John Tenniel

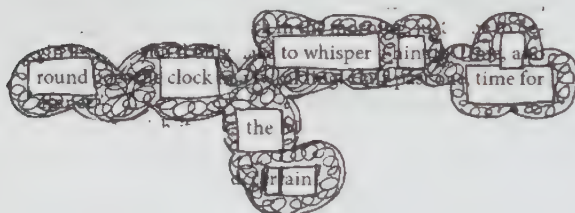
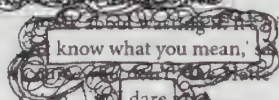
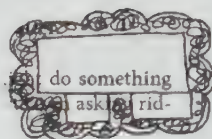
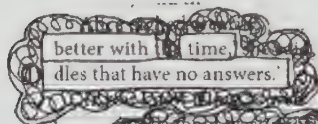
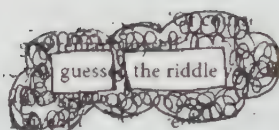
Alice Grows Large



CHAR MARCH

How The Story Was Told

Down the ears and whiskers
 Into the pool of curioser
 Racing for the thimble
 Shoving an arm out the window
 Onto the caterpillar's mushroom
 Meeting the grin in the kitchen
 To the murdering of tea-time
 Surviving the decapitation games
 Being tort by turtle
 Walking a little faster through soup
 Cheering with the guinea-pigs
 Into the evidence of long grass



Karen Massey

guess the riddle

do something
better with time,

ask riddles that
have no answers

know what you mean
dare to learn music, to

whisper in a round,
clock time for the rain

Kim Naboshek

Hatta



Michael O'Connor

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

Chapter Five and a Half

"Pork and Poesy"

Alice was just about to walk up to the little house when she heard the most curious sound coming from a nearby grove of trees. The sound was something like a roar and something like a screech and something like a cough and something like something that could not even be imagined. It was quite the most dreadful racket she had ever heard and Alice decided that she had to find out what it was there and then.

"Of course," she told herself, "it might be a dreadful monster, so I had better stay very quiet indeed."

She crept forwards on tiptoe, even though the noise was so prodigious that she could have run up and down shouting as loudly as anything without being heard. When she got to the trees, she realised that it was only somebody reciting poetry.

"My goodness," she said to herself, "you would think that anyone with a voice so alarming would choose a more suitable hobby. Like painting. Or writing. Or needlework. Or..."

While she was still trying to think of hobbies that did not involve speaking, she found that she was able to make out what the words of the poem were.

"Yet all boars love the things they kill,
By each let this be heard.
Some gore things with their shiny tusks;
Some stab things with a sword.
The odd boar kills things with a kiss
Though this is quite absurd."

Alice thought this was so silly that she laughed out loud. Unfortunately, she chose just the moment when the unseen poet paused for breath, so there was no other sound to disguise her presence.

"I can hear you," said the deep, growling voice. "Come out and show yourself or I shall have to come in and get you."

Alice felt a little nervous at this gruff reception, but she consoled herself with the thought that she had never heard of anyone coming to harm at the hands of a poet, so she drew herself up to her full nine inches and marched into a little clearing amidst the trees.

The figure that awaited her was quite the most extraordinary creature she had ever seen. She was not altogether sure whether it was a pig or whether it was a dog, because although it had the plump rounded shape of one, it had the teeth and fur of the other. Even more confusingly, it had a tiny little tusk growing out of each side of its enormous nose. It was standing on its hind legs, rather unsteadily it must be said, for they were very small legs and it had a very large body. It wore a blue velvet frock coat, a lime-green waistcoat and bright yellow breeches and leant on an ivory-handled cane whilst holding a white lily in one trotter.

Upon seeing Alice, it made a low bow, which caused it to fall over. When it had managed to get back on its feet, Alice was relieved to find that it addressed her in a quieter tone of voice than it had been using previously.

"Pray allow me to introduce myself, young lady," it said in the most cultured way imaginable. "I am Oinker Dingle O'Flattery Swill Boar, a particularly close friend of the Duchess"—here he nodded towards the small house and gave a great wink—"and I am considered to be the greatest poet and wit in the land."

Alice wondered who considered this, but decided it would be impolite to ask.

"I know what a poet is," she told him, instead, "but what is a wit? I have heard of people losing their wits, but I didn't know they could be..." She did not know whether to call him a person or a pig, so stopped speaking altogether.

"They could be Boars?" Oinker finished for her, helpfully. "Oh yes. Indeed. Many of the most famous wits who ever lived have been Boars. And I am the greatest of them all. Just listen to this."

He struck a pose with his head thrown back, holding his cane and his lily out as far as he could reach on either side. In the same deafening voice he had used for reciting poetry, he announced

"There is only one thing worse than being talked about...and that is being roasted on a spit with an apple in your mouth."

He found this so funny that he fell on his back and rolled about on the ground laughing at it for several minutes.

Alice smiled politely, even though she could not see anything to laugh at. "What exactly do wits do?" she asked when the Boar had recovered his self-possession.

"Do?" roared the Boar. "Why, we display our wit for others to marvel at. Here, try this one."

Once again, he adopted his unsteady pose. "I can resist anything—except truffles!" he declaimed. He found this remark even more amusing and laughed so much that Alice began to wonder if he would ever stop. Eventually she decided that she had had more than enough wit for one day, and would rather go back to the little house.

"It has been very kind of you to show me what wits do, Mr. Boar," she said, "but I have to go now."

"Oh, don't go yet" cried the Boar. "A wit must have an audience. Otherwise one has to be witty to oneself. Listen to this: I have nothing to declare..."

"Goodbye" said Alice decidedly, walking away. She did not want to hurt his feelings, but she could not bear to listen to him any longer.

"How about: to love oneself is the last refuge of a patriot," he called.

Alice kept walking. Just before she moved completely out of earshot, she heard the faint sound of his voice for the last time. "The only possible society is other people."

"As long as one of them isn't me!" thought Alice, a little harshly. She was very pleased indeed when she found herself back outside the little house.

John Tenniel

*The March Hare and the Mad Hatter
Put the Dormouse's Head in a Teapot*



ERIN K. PARKER

Dormouse Finds the Treacle Well

Dormouse looked at the three sisters for a long moment and then said, "You're kidding."

"No," said Elsie, "we aren't."

"We are terribly serious," said Lacie.

"There really is a Treacle Well," said Tillie.

"And we're going to find it," Elsie said.

"But we need your help," said Lacie quickly.

Dormouse thought for a long moment before agreeing. He was remembering the time they went hunting for wild borogove and shuddered. Maybe this would be different.

"I'll do it," Dormouse said.

"Hooray!" said Lacie, clapping her hands together.

"That's what we wanted all along," said Tillie.

"You have to come with us," exclaimed Elsie, "and you're going to find it! Once we find it—"

"You mean once *I* find it—" said Dormouse.

"Yes, once *you* find the well, we can draw the Treacle up to enjoy."

"I'll find it," Dormouse yawned. This was how it always went with the three sisters. He couldn't help but adore them. They were so lively and full of adventures. Admittedly, he liked the attention. And they did succeed in keeping him entertained and awake. Really, he was usually so bored.

Elsie scooped him up and set him on the brim of her hat. Lacie and Tillie were on either side of them, and they all set out toward the woods.

"Dormouse," Elsie said sternly, "sniff for Treacle. You should be able to smell it."

Dormouse stood up on his hind legs, head thrown back, nose in the air and sure enough, he caught a sugary scent on the wind. "That way," he said, pointing.

Elsie, Lacie and Tillie ran through the trees, keeping the river in sight on the left, until they came to a rocky outcrop on the edge of a clearing in the woods.

"It's here," said Dormouse. "Put me down."

The three girls giggled and scooped him off of Elsie's hat, their soft fingers petting him until he couldn't stop grinning. So generous with their affection.

"Alright, alright," he was suddenly serious. "We have work to do if we want Treacle."

Dormouse ran up the rocks and sniffed the ground. The girls stood quietly, squirming with excitement.

His whiskers quivered.

"Do you smell Treacle?" whispered Tillie.

Her sisters shushed her, and Elsie, who was the oldest, said seriously, "Let him work."

Dormouse went to the other side of the rocks and saw an opening. It was a cave. He went in, his eyes adjusting to the darkness rather quickly, and saw that the ground dropped away a few yards from the entrance. The thick smell of warm, sugary, syrup filled the air. Satisfied, he scampered out of the dark, into the light, and back to the girls.

"I found it. The Treacle Well. All the treacle you want. Right in that cave!" Dormouse swept his paw about dramatically. This finally proved he was good for something.

Elsie's eyes lit up. "It smells like Christmas Pudding!"

Lacie grinned and tossed her braids. "Let's go draw some Treacle up!"

Tillie nodded her head, "Yes, let's!"

Elsie stepped forward. "Lacie, get the notebooks and pencils."

Lacie reached into her pack, pulled out three black notebooks and pencils and handed them out.

The girls plunked themselves down on the ground, skirts carefully arranged, and began to draw.

"What are you doing," asked Dormouse. "The Treacle is in *there*!"

"And doesn't it smell good?" laughed Tillie.

"We can smell it from *here*, so we don't need to go *there*," explained Lacie.

"I agree. It's hard to smell in the dark," nodded Tillie.

"We wanted to draw the Treacle from the Treacle Well," said Elsie. "We explained that to you, Dormouse. You don't listen very well, even with those great ears of yours."

"Quiet now," said Lacie. "It has to be quiet so we can draw pictures of the smell."

The girls giggled and sketched in the afternoon sun and it sounded like violets blooming.

Dormouse sat down perplexed. Perhaps it was time for another nap. He'd give anything for a cup of tea.

John Tenniel

"Who are YOU?" said the Caterpillar.



Marybeth Rua-Larsen

Down the Rabbit-Hole

"...because the dream protects itself. Stops you asking the right questions."

Dr. Who, "Last Christmas"

Blue won't stretch to violet
Till you close your eyes and look twice
Puff, puff, puff your hookah
Peripheral in a vise

Alice squeezed to fit
The Antipathies would wait
She watched the Cheshire Cat appear
Then vanish. A blind date?

The Mad Hatter's mad
But the dormouse isn't a door
The dreams we dream come true.
I won't dream them anymore.

John Tenniel

Painting the Roses Red



Dustin Scott

14

3:57 a.m. Sitting on the edge of the bed, the Two of Spades rubbed his eyes. It's going to be a long day, he thought. Up before the dawn, he planned to meet the other cards in the garden to receive the order of red roses at 5 a.m. The queen wanted them planted before the tournament so he volunteered to be an installer to make sure it went smoothly. Mr. Ace won't have to wake up until he feels like it, Two thought. Always a two, never the Ace. Two shook off the negative thoughts and stood to meet the day.

4:49 a.m. The Two of Spades meets the Seven of Spades at the rear service entry to the main garden. "Where's Three and Four?" said Two.

"Three had something with his wife and Four swapped with Five, who is supposed to be here," said Seven.

"Four was supposed to tell us where these bushes need to be planted! I don't have the plans. Did he give them to you?" said Two.

"I don't have them, but I talked to Five last night and he has them. Don't worry, you're too worried all the time. This will all get done and we'll be on the sidelines watching the tournament before you know it," said Seven.

"Sorry, I'm in charge when Ace isn't around and with everyone changing the plan without talking to me it's just upsetting. I want to do a good job and hopefully get that bonus for my honeymoon this summer."

"I'm sure it will be fine. By the end of today you will be surprised how it all turns out I'm sure."

5:12 a.m. Five of Spades arrived at the rear service entry to the main garden with the delivery carts and the turtle driving them. "Sorry guys," said Five. "Tuttle is slow but he runs the best nursery in the area. He guarantees none of his flowers will sing." Five puts his hand in the air excited but Two and Seven look at each other and back to Five.

"Oh, well, that is good." Rolling his eyes, Two opened the gate to allow the carts into the garden. "We're running on a limited time schedule here, Five. Let's stop the gabbing and start unloading."

Pulling off the first tarp, Two sighed. "Tuttle, this is a nice bush but these are supposed to be red roses," Two said. As he pulled off the second tarp, his heart sank. Onto the cart and off with the next tarp Two began to panic. "Five! Why are all these roses white?" Two yelled from the middle of the rear cart. He grabbed the branch of the nearest bush and shook it. Fire burned in his eyes as he stared down Five.

Five turned to Tuttle, "What's with these white roses Tuttle?" Tuttle without opening his mouth handed over the bill of lading to Five, who looked it over and handed it up to Two who was still shaking the white rose bush. "I think I may have made a mistake," said Five, lowering his head as Two grabbed the clipboard.

Two stepped down from the cart and reread the paper in front of him. Five had marked, and signed for, the order of nineteen white rose bushes the day before. The red rose checkbox was just above the white rose checkbox. Two took a breath and closed his eyes. Don't lose your head, Two thought, it was an honest mistake. You have plenty of time to fix this.

"Tuttle," said Two, moving past Five and approaching the turtle, "I'm sorry, my associate here made a mistake and ordered white rose bushes. We need red rose bushes. If you could run these back to the nursery and pick up the right color I'll happily pay the difference plus compensate your time for the hassle of fixing Five's error."

Tuttle turned and climbed onto his cart. Two felt a little better until Tuttle got back down and handed another clipboard over to him. On the board was a stack of paper, the heading read: *Tuttle Turtle's Gardening and Nursery: Plant Stock*. Tuttle bent the board down and flipped the pages until he got to the bushes. Tuttle pointed at red roses. Stamped next to red roses it read OUT in bright blue ink.

Part of being in the Royal Card Guard was keeping your hair cut short. Which was good for Two because he would have

pulled it out at this very moment. Instead, Two began pounding his head while closing his eyes as tight as possible. Thump, thump, thump he went, trying to make this day go away. Thump, Two, Thump, Two, Thump, Two. Two thought he heard someone calling his name so he stopped thumping his head and opened his eyes. He focused and shook off the fuzzy blurred spots in front of him and acknowledged Seven who was yelling his name. "What!" Two yelled without realizing. "What?" said Two with slightly more poise.

"Sir, we need to get a plan together. Now is not the time to freak out," said Seven.

"Not the time to freak out? Not the time to freak out?" Two was getting angrier as he thought of their predicament. "We were explicitly told red roses, Seven! White is not only the wrong roses but the exact opposite of the right color. NO COLOR! You know how the Queen will react!" Two was circling the carts breathing heavily. With every pass he glared at Five. Five began to hold his hands to his chest in anticipation of getting struck at the next pass.

"We'll figure this out, Two, we're smart cards," said Seven.

"You think we'll figure this out? With only nine and half hours until the start of the tournament we have no time to find this many bushes *and* get them installed! This is the Queen of Hearts! We need a miracle!" Two yelled.

"I think I have an idea," said Five.

"Unless it's a way to magically turn these roses the right color I don't want to hear it," said Two

Tuttle unloaded the last bush and closed the cart with a latch and chain. Two and Seven tried to reason with him, but he consistently pointed to "paid in full" on the invoice and the signature on the order slip. There was no arguing with someone who would not argue back. Staring at nineteen white rose bushes, Two broke down. Seven rubbed Two's back, trying to console him but it was too late. This was his second and possibly final mistake in his guard career. He would for sure lose his position and possibly more. He worried what his future wife may say or if she would even want to marry him after he became unemployed. Living in the Central Valley this close to the palace was not

cheap. They may have to move to the country, where all kinds of strange and awful things lived.

7:15 a.m. As Tuttle was squeezing through the gate, Five rounded the entry and bounded over to Two and Seven. Two was trying to compose himself and act like a leader, but it was evident he was shaken up. "I've got it, Two. It's the perfect plan," said Five.

After a heated twenty-minute argument over Five's idea to paint all the white roses with red paint, Two began laughing hysterically. As he walked away laughing to himself, Seven grabbed Five's arm and pulled him close. "Look, Five, Two is cracking up, and we have to save our behinds here. Let's get these plants in the ground and worry about the color later. The Queen will be even more upset with no roses than with the wrong color."

Seven and Five worked feverously to get all nineteen bushes in place according to the plans. Two had settled down against the rear wall to sulk. "I think they look pretty nice, don't you think?" Seven said to Two. "Five and I have discussed this and we believe we should try the red paint." Two shot Seven a look that could fold him where he stood. "I know, I know, but hear me out. We can paint these roses and get through today's tournament. Then come tomorrow we can search for the proper bushes and get them swapped out on a day when no one is around. In fact I heard the Queen was planning a trip for next week and she could be gone for up to five days which will give us plenty of time to make the swap. What do you say, Two? Are you with us?"

12:12 p.m. Two let Five paint the first rose. If this didn't work and he had to blame someone for attempting to ruin the flowers he wanted it to be Five. After the first bush was done, Two felt much better about their plan. "See, this is going to turn out great," said Seven. "Let's get the rest of these done and get out of here."

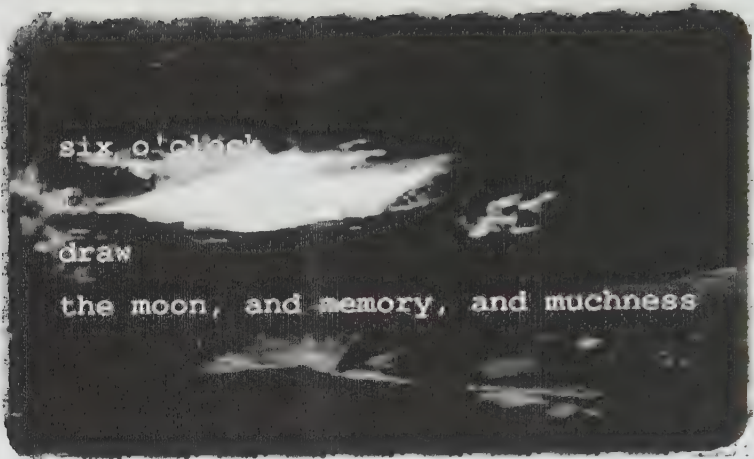
They all grabbed a bucket of paint and a brush and started with the next bush. "My therapist gave me a technique that helps when I get into stressful situations." Said Seven. "It may be helpful to keep us focused on the positive." Two rolled his eyes but Five wanted to hear it. "He said twhen something has you

down that you need to sing about it. We can do this work, which is, I'll admit, stressful and not ideal. If we sing at least we keep our hearts light and get through it without all the heavy thoughts of doom and gloom."

"Sounds good to me," said Five.

"Whatever, let's just get this done," said Two. "If anyone sees us doing this it will be our heads so let's just be quick. If singing helps us work faster then I'm all for it."

2:57 p.m. The White Rabbit entered the garden through the hedges followed by a little girl calling out to him. The cards continued to paint roses and sing unaware until it was too late and the Queen had entered the garden.



six o'clock

draw

the moon, and memory, and muchness

Shloka Shankar

Muchness

six o'clock

I

draw

the moon, and memory, and muchness

M.M. Shelline

Nightmare Rabbit



LEWIS CARROLL

Alice's Evidence (Excerpt from Chapter XII)

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on till you come to the end: then stop."

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

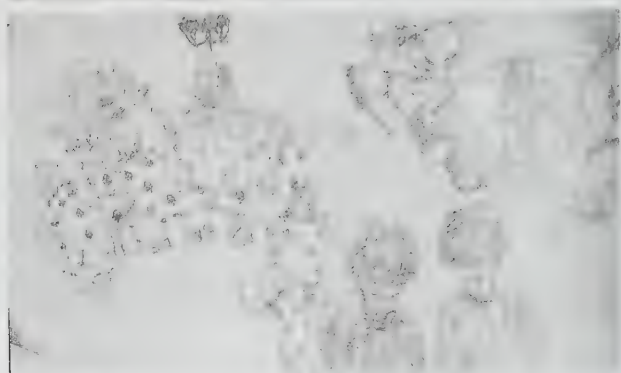
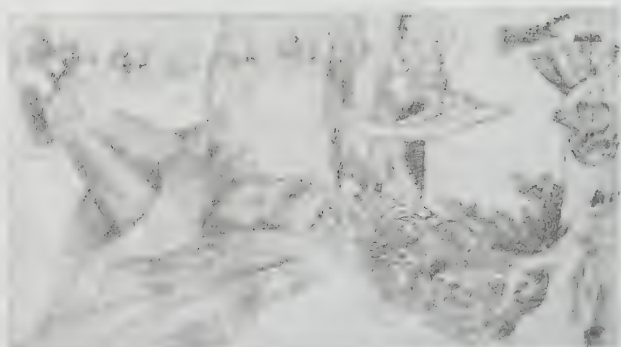
He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me.'



William Stok

Alice's House

This project [examples at left] is conceived as twenty-four-meters long wallpaper, with drawings that are an interpretation of John Tenniel's illustrations. These drawings are presented, developing the movement of the characters as if made in slow motion with the same technique used for realizing an animated film, and they unfold along the whole length of the wallpaper alternating with images redrawn from photographs of my daughter Christina at seven, the same age as Alice. I respect the photographic origin by using the technique of tracing so I have limited the drawing to simple registration to underline the interest Lewis Carroll had in photographing his little listeners.

A wallpaper that fixes on the wall the shadow of images of when we were young, and like a fairytale, *Alice in Wonderland*, being full of significance, continues to live in our minds.

The method of working on wallpaper of "Alice's House" has the same characteristics as my paintings of the 1980s in which the chosen personages (relatives, friends, images drawn from a historical context) are intended to take the role of actors. In this particular case, I have used images of my children, Christina and Alexander, and Tenniel's drawings.

The images were photographed and then projected onto paper to be traced with brown conté crayon—a mechanical method—and subsequently made to live by placing the sheet of paper on the ground and washing over it diagonally with very diluted paint.

The drawn sequence showing the movement in slow motion of a running rabbit, which in Carroll's story acts as a symbol of the thread of a narrative transporting Alice through the meanders of an imaginary world, becomes a sort of frieze, leading the eye along the drawing.

The project "Alice's House" is divided into four sections and has been exhibited in various permutations, as it can be fitted, by overlapping parts of the drawing into different sized spaces. I have used the story found in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and in *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, not as a paraphrase of the story itself, but as a metaphor of Modernism. This movement in our century has overturned traditional rules of language, offering us a new key for reading reality.

Robyn Sykes

The Queen of Hearts

Alice is a waiter, the moon her silver tray,
cocktails of ink and crushed ice cast
by the Queen of Hearts
beyond the Milky Way.

Across paddocks where tawny frogmouths
pounce on mice, vast armies of
tiny playing cards march
in frosted tunics. Frozen in formation.

The cattle follow orders, "Off with their heads!"
their tongues mouth-sized molotovs, mowing.
A shredded end for a two of clubs.
The air smells of methane and torn fodder.

A curious hall peters to a rough
bias-binding track; cuts through
the battalions; boasts
a single set of tessellated patterns

several shirazes older than
the matching set imprinted in the dirt
behind the stupidest tea party ever,
riddling its way home in the Land Cruiser.

The white rabbit scurries from his burrow
under the eucalypt that drops gum leaves,
matte as waxed teardrops,
into the first cattle grid.

He's late. Flags them down. Urgent.
The Mad Hatter stands upright,
legs braced around the cold,

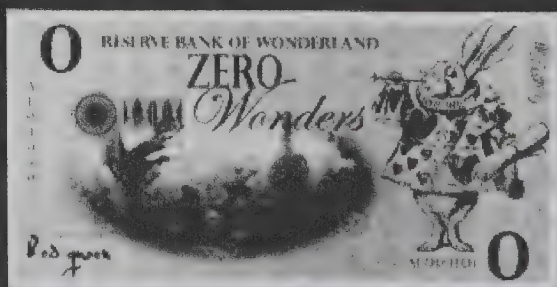
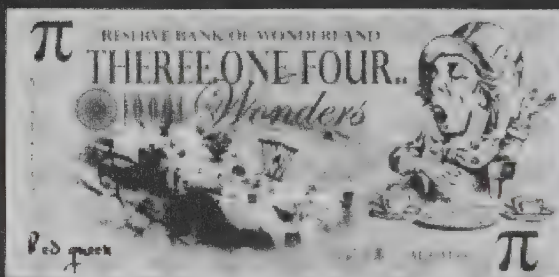
unleashes a warm, pent-up stream.

With a hiss it melts the frosted tunics,
signs release forms for the soldiers
and the partied-out body,
sets steam rising from the fertilized soil.

When the sun evaporates the cocktails,
leaving cloud-stains on the blue table,
we discover the sky is green
and the identity of the Queen of Hearts.

Eileen Tai

Wonder Bucks



Pablo Valcarcel

The Hatter's Last Visitor

"Of course you don't," the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied: "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner."

The Hatter waited in anticipation for the next teapot to start boiling. The air in his house was saturated with the sticky texture of warm water, even though in the countryside it was perfectly cold. That afternoon, the trees, with their long moss moustaches, looked particularly serene and dignified. From time to time, they'd let out a crunch of annoyance as they stirred, uncomfortable in their places, seeking a position in which they could sleep better. That sound was immediately followed by a chorus of assent and rasping from the rest of bewhiskered gentlemen that had their roots buried in the soil.

Soon enough, the tea was ready. Just in time, as always. When he served it in a teapot, spirals of smoke came out of it, but it was an elegant smoke that, with a fine sense of discretion, quickly danced like pirouettes towards the ceiling.

Everything pointed to the expectation that it would be an evening such as many others. An evening of long waiting, slow sips of tea, and paused nibbles on the few pastries remaining from the last shipment.

It had been a long time since the Hatter had stopped wandering off from his cottage in fear he might be beheaded, and a somewhat shorter time since he had stopped receiving

visits from his old friends. That Time had shrunk was, in all likelihood, the result of a succession of particularly rainy years.

"He's got what he deserves, that coward!" the Hatter would often think. In any case, for whatever the reason, the hare, the dormouse and the rest of them, in the most rude and discourteous way, had stopped coming without sending any notice to explain their absences.

If he still had any tea bags left, it was only because of a clement family of migratory birds who nested on his roof from time to time, rewarding his hospitality with some choice Indian tea that they'd buy in Bristol whenever they stopped there to visit some relatives.

On this occasion, the tea tasted especially bitter to his palate. He looked at it, and for a moment it looked as if its waters had taken a disturbing, dark scarlet colour, similar to that of coagulated blood.



Much to his surprise, when there were very few hours left for the night's arrival (such an unpunctual lady), somebody appeared at his doorstep. The Hatter put on one of his most stylish top hats, hinted a delirious smile and politely opened the door of his home.

There stood a gaunt gentleman. Indeed, calling him emaciated would have been rather inexact, because you could almost see through him. He was all shadows and bones.

"Good evening, Hatter. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

"As well as yours, good heavens!" exclaimed the Hatter. "But don't stay there, do come in, please. Have a seat. Would you like a cup of tea?"

"If you'd be so kind."

The gentleman removed his overcoat and set it down on his lap, together with his black gloves. The Hatter diligently served him some tea.

"Sugar?"

"Yes, please."

"How many teaspoons?"

"Just one. I don't like it too sweet."

As he was serving him, the Hatter embarked on one of those riddles that he so much loved telling: "Can you tell me, what do a book and horse have in common?"

In response, the guest said nothing and began searching through one of the pockets of his vest. From it he extracted a silver pocket watch. Its needles were static. Frozen, motionless within its sphere. Troubled by such a discovery, he brought it carefully next to his ear to listen to it better.

The Hatter waited politely. Finally, his guest put away his watch and said: "Yes. They both take you to places you can't get to walking."

To which the Hatter replied, with a triumphant smile: "Ha! That and both of their backs have a spine!"

The Hatter thought that it was a tremendously witty answer, probably because it had taken him several years to reach it and now wanted the rest of the world to acknowledge his magnificent discovery.

"It's six o'clock," observed the guest.

"But yes, of course," said the Hatter without really understanding what was so strange about the fact.

"But it was past six when I arrived," the gentleman complained.

"Oh yes, it's been very long since that cowardly ruffian of Time last came to visit me."

"I see," and the man's look then seemed lost in unspoken thoughts.

"What is the difference between a lamp and a willow?"

The stranger came back from his thoughts and his demeanour turned serious.

"I'm afraid I have bad news for you, Hatter."

"News? What news?"

"It's been a long time since you should have died."

"What? Died? What are you talking about?"

"It's long due since your life had to end."

"But how dare you! Who are you?"

"Me?" Somewhat perplexed by this sudden outburst, he replied with certain difficulty: "I'm a Knave of his Majesty."

"Oh, you serve the Queen of Hearts?"

"No, I'm afraid you're mistaken, I serve the current monarch, the King of Spades."

Right after that, the Knave discussed, in all manner of detail, how Wonderland had already changed sovereignty a few years ago. He presented a letter of important ministers and secretaries, signed with the official seal of His Majesty, the King of Spades, a seal that disturbingly reminded the Hatter of the drawing of a Death with a scythe. The letters identified the bearer as a Knave and proved he had absolute power to act in behest of His Majesty.

"I understand," concluded the Hatter, "but what matter exactly brings you to my home? My death?"

"Yes, it's no doubt a grievous mistake that must be sorted out immediately. According to the registries of the Secretary of Last Hours, it's been a while since you were supposed to be dead and buried."

"I see. So how do you explain then that I'm still alive?" complained the Hatter.

"I couldn't say. I suppose the fact that Time stopped coming to your home is the reason why you haven't aged."

In that moment, a teakettle whistled and the Hatter apologized and rose up from the table to put on more water to boil and fill new tea mugs. A torrent of worries fell on him, much like a downpour on a distracted man who has forgotten his umbrella at home. All of a sudden his arms weighed and he caressed the pieces of porcelain in his kitchen with melancholy. He felt as if they were his old friends and perhaps this was the last occasion he had to say goodbye.

When he returned to his guest, his expression had turned sad and dull. He sat down heavily on the chair and suddenly looked much older and tired. He then understood the true reason behind the absence of his old friends the dormouse and the hare, and wished he'd have a moment to weep for their deaths, but this was not the time. It wouldn't be proper for a gentleman to create a scene in front of a guest.

"So, then," he inquired as he served more tea. "Can anything be done about it? I'm not sure I want to die."

"I'm afraid not. The Ministry of Last Hours follows very strict procedures."

"Well, in that case let's go ahead with it."

"Oh, marvellous! If you don't mind I'll go and look for the executioner then."

The Knave of Spades left the cottage and the Hatter stayed alone in front of his tea. For a moment. A moment that turned out to be rather short. So short that it hardly reached to the knees of the Hatter.

The moment entered the room blushing and coughed.

"Ahem, ahem."

"You dare to come here?" the Hatter angrily replied to the little Time. "You should be ashamed of yourself. This time you really have created a huge mess."

"I'm deeply sorry. I panicked," Time presented as a sort of excuse. "I thought the Queen would behead me for being your friend."

"Well, whatever's happened has happened," the Hatter replied, surrendering himself to fate. "Would you like some tea?"

"Yes, please."

"Milk?"

"Only a tiny little bit."

"Sugar?"

"Two teaspoons, please."

For a while they sipped their cups in silence. It lasted long enough for the legs of Time to grow a little bit and stop dangling from the chair he was seating on.

"You know what?" said Time all of a sudden. "I might be able to do something to fix all of this mess."

"Oh really? What is it?"

"Just look and see."

Without any hesitation, Time stood up and started walking around the room. He walked quickly with his elongated legs, but even though he moved in circles like the hands of a clock, instead of his steps pushing him forward, they pushed him backwards. When he finally stopped, nothing in the house had changed, but everything outside was different. The Hatter smiled to himself when he saw the hare and the dormouse appear on the stony road that led to his home.

Wonderful. That deserved to be celebrated with a party. And so, cheerful and energetic, he started setting the table and preparing more tea for his guests.

Lynn White

Through the Glass

A long time ago, Alice saw herself
in her looking glass and walked through
into a topsy-turvy world
where everything was back to front and inside out.
She drifted into a dreamscape
of madness and unreality,
without breaking the glass.
She wasn't cut by the shards of her mirror
or the place she entered into.
She had only to wake from her dream
to make things the right way round again.

But with a clear glass,
a transparent window to the world,
things would have been different.
She would look towards a place
where everything seems the right way round,
where everything makes sense
and adds up sweet with reason.
There seems no madness in this place
which looks easy for her to enter
and welcomes her without sharp edges.
But the clear glass is an invisible barrier
to the life on the other side
that seduces and entices her.
And to step inside she has to break the glass
whose sharp edges cut her, really cut her.
And then propel her crazily on.
Unable to wake, she finds herself in
a jagged, topsy-turvy place
where things are spinning round wildly.
Where caricatures of humanity scream out,
distorted, trying to make sense of it.

Front to back and outside in
Everything is the wrong way round again.

Martin Willitts Jr

Measuring

One cannot have too much pepper for a dish,
but one can have too many dishes for the pepper,
said the cook, tossing dishes at the wall
while tossing more pepper into a pot of pepper soup.

The baby sneezed. Alice scolded the cook,
all of this pepper is making the baby sneeze.

Nonsense and truffles, retorted the cook,
there is never enough black pepper. He added
more, making a cloud of pepper.

The baby sneezed twice. See, more pepper,
the cook proclaimed, it will make him immune.
The best way to solve a problem
is to add more too it.

The pepper cloud was getting darker.
No, you need less, demanded Alice.

Now if I added less, said the cook, how much
would I have to add in order to have nothing left?
If I the pepper and pot were gone,
whatever would happen to me?

It started raining black pepper like baby sneezes
sounding of broken dishes.

John Tenniel

The Queen Has Come



Rachelle Wood

Painting the Roses Red

"So, why are we here?" Three of Spades asked, pushing their squeaky shopping cart down the gardening aisle of the local hardware store.

Two of Spades reached out to grab a trowel and small bucket of fertilizer, and dumped them into the cart before answering. "The Queen wants some new rosebushes planted at the edges of her hedge maze."

Three rolled his eyes. "So, it wasn't enough to build her the hedge maze, she wants flowers too? What do we look like, landscapers?" He said this last part a little too loud.

Two leaned over and covered Three's mouth with his hand, looking around to make sure that no one had heard them. "Seriously? You can't talk like that around here," he whispered.

Shaking his head to dislodge the hand, Three lowered his voice. "Whatever. You know everyone in the Deck feels the same way, even the Hearts. Just 'cause she's in their suit doesn't mean they love being her slave."

"I'm not saying I don't agree, I just don't want to be heard saying it, okay?" Two muttered. He took the cart from Three, and hurried down the aisle. Three ran to catch up.

"Jeez, what's the hurry? Does she want these in the next five minutes?" he panted.

Finally reaching the seed section, Two parked the cart and started to browse his options. "No. I just...have places to be." Pointedly avoiding eye contact with Three, he grabbed a few packets of seeds and turned them over to read the information on the back.

"What kinds of places?"

"Good ones."

"Ah ha!" Three elbowed Two in the side. "You are meeting up with a girl, aren't you?"

Two struggled to hide his smirk as he pretended to read. "Maybe. Just maybe."

"Very nice. Who's the lucky lady? A cute Club? Or are you reaching out of your league and crushing on a Diamond?"

Two put the packet of seeds he was holding back onto the shelf. "Hmm, these would take forever to grow. I think just buying young bushes would be a better idea." He grabbed the cart again and started walking towards the nursery section in the back of the store.

Three trailed behind him. "Come on, don't ignore my question. It's a Diamond, isn't it? I could see you trying to take one of them home."

Two rolled his eyes. "No, it's not a Diamond."

"Club?"

"Nope."

"Ahhh," Three said, grabbing the handle of the cart to slow Two down. "Did you find an attractive Spade?"

Two remained silent, so Three prattled on. "Because we all know that there is no way you'd be able to pull a Heart. Right?" He didn't get a response. "Right?"

"Mhmm, sure."

Three lifted his hand off of the cart in surprise, and Two used the opportunity to start pushing again. They walked through the plastic flaps into the nursery, the humid air hitting them like a wall.

"No way. No way you are seeing a Heart."

Two couldn't keep it in any longer. "You can bet your house I am." He smiled widely. "I know Hearts rarely date outside of their suit, and even when they do, it's exclusively with the Diamonds. But I guess I'm 'charming and funny for a Spade.'"

Three stopped in the middle of the aisle to pretend to bow. "You are my hero. I worship your newfound dating skills."

Pushing him away, Two laughed as they finally reached a row of rosebushes, proudly standing in their plastic bowls. "I will accept your praise later. We need to find some roses so I can get going."

"I couldn't care less about the Queen's rosebushes right now. Tell me about her! Is she hot?" Three shook his head.

"Nevermind, that's a stupid question. She's a Heart, they are born stunning."

"Red, white, pink, or yellow?" Two asked.

"Huh?"

Two pointed to the bushes in front of them. "Come on, the roses. What color should we get?"

"They all look the same to me."

Rubbing his chin, Two looked at the options. "The Queen didn't say what she wanted."

Three snorted. "That's surprising. She's usually very quick to let her wishes be known." He grabbed a bush whose tag proclaimed it would produce the reddest of red blooms. "Here. Red is her favorite color. She will probably remove your head if you get anything else. Can we go yet?"

"Are you in a hurry now?"

Three grabbed another bush and dropped it into the cart. "Maybe I just want you to go on your date so that I can get all the juicy details." He looked off into space, rubbing his hands together. "Being with a Heart...I want to hear all about it."

Two punched him in the shoulder, accidentally knocking him into the rosebushes.

"Oww!" Three groaned, rubbing the sore spots on his backside from the thorns. "Okay, for that, I get pictures too." Two didn't respond, staring at the bushes Three had just untangled himself from. "Two? Wonderland to the Two of Spades? You hear me, buddy?"

"It's impossible not to." Two had reached out and was reading the tag on the bushes. "Hmm."

"Oh great, what now? Can you just pick some bushes so we can get out of this hothouse?"

"She loves white."

"Everyone knows the Queen loves red."

Two shook his head dreamily. "No, the Heart that I'm seeing. She says that Hearts are supposed to love red because it's their suit color, but she has always liked white better since it's our background color, and we are all composed of more white than red or black."

Three pretended to gag. "That's sweet and everything, but you can't date her without your head attached, so just get red and let's go. With you running off, I'm probably going to be stuck planting these myself to cover for you and that will take all day."

Two didn't budge. "She has a point, though. We are so segregated by our suits. I mean, we don't even choose them and we still get judged for being Spades and Clubs instead of Diamonds and Hearts." Warming up to the topic, his voice started to rise alarmingly. "And my Heart is right. White is what unites us!" He stopped just short of punching his fist into the air.

Three rolled his eyes. "Oh, save your breath. You don't want to get the white ones as a political statement, you think it would be romantic to plant her favorite color. Then you can take her to see them and wax poetic about the meaning, which would obviously make her fall madly, deeply in love with you."

"Excuse me, you are—"

Cutting him off, Three said, "Absolutely correct? Amazingly perceptive? Your best friend who happens to know you better than anyone else?"

"Whatever." Two snatched the two red bushes out of the cart and replaced them with white. "I'm doing it."

Pushing the cart once again at a rapid pace, Two headed towards the registers. They were in line before Three spoke again.

"I'm telling you right now, this is a bad idea."

Two ignored him, digging around in his pockets for the money to pay.

"Bad, terrible idea." Three held his hands in the air. "I refuse to be part of this."

"Oh, come on," Two said, finally. "You were just obsessing over my date tonight. If you were in my place, you'd be doing whatever you could to woo this girl, too." He reached over to catch Three in a headlock, rubbing his knuckles over the top of his head like a child.

"I mean...what's the worst that could happen? You will see, my friend, you will see. The Queen won't even notice."

Andrew Woodham

Queen Victoria of Hearts



The inspiration for this project is the dichotomy between the mathematician Charles Dodgson and the inspired writer Lewis Carroll; between rational logic and fantastic literature. Carroll's imaginative writing almost seems an escape from the imposed constraints of real numbers, but at the same time it has been suggested that his literary works may have been influenced by the tangible world around him. Here, as case in point, I played with the notion that the dominant Queen of Hearts, though fictional, is in part a reference to Queen Victoria, who ruled as Carroll's monarch for nearly the entirety of his life. This premise suggests that *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is a roman à clef in which personas such as the

Queen of Hearts are allusions to the influential figures in Carroll's real realm.

The base of this piece is checker-boarded with poker cards displaying the first set of four 3×3 matrices published in Dodgson's *Elementary Treatise on Determinants* that represent the logical mathematician in Dodgson. In the book, first published in 1867, Dodgson describes his own method for finding determinant of square matrices by breaking down larger matrices into smaller ones. The set of 3×3 matrices on the sides of the square base are a breakdown of a 4×4 matrix, and is the first example of using his method in the book (see below).

* *Prop. I. Cor. 1.* This gives us a simple method for computing the minant arithmetically. Thus,

$$\begin{vmatrix} 3 & 1 & 2 & 4 \\ 4 & 5 & 2 & 3 \\ 3 & 1 & 3 & 2 \\ 4 & 2 & 1 & 3 \end{vmatrix} = 3 \begin{vmatrix} 5 & 2 & 3 \\ 1 & 3 & 2 \\ 2 & 1 & 3 \end{vmatrix} - 1 \begin{vmatrix} 4 & 2 & 3 \\ 3 & 3 & 2 \\ 4 & 1 & 3 \end{vmatrix} + 2 \begin{vmatrix} 4 & 5 & 3 \\ 3 & 1 & 2 \\ 4 & 2 & 3 \end{vmatrix} - 4 \begin{vmatrix} 4 & 5 & 2 \\ 3 & 1 & 3 \\ 4 & 2 & 1 \end{vmatrix} \\ = 3 \left\{ 5 \begin{vmatrix} 3 & 2 \\ 1 & 3 \end{vmatrix} - 2 \begin{vmatrix} 1 & 2 \\ 2 & 3 \end{vmatrix} + 3 \begin{vmatrix} 1 & 3 \\ 2 & 1 \end{vmatrix} \right\} - 4c. = 3 \{ 35 + 2 - 15 \} - 4c. = 3 \times 2$$

The entire statue is hence “grounded” by real numbers and logical thinking just as this may have been the basis for Carroll's outlandish artistry. The fact that the entire piece is made from actual playing cards is another reference to what is real in this world (744 cards in total were used).

Queen Victoria of Hearts herself, the personification of Carroll's imaginative spirit, comprises the upper part of the piece. She is poised in a traditional pose that mimics numerous statues of Queen Victoria worldwide; again the rational in the irrational. However, she is shown as a caricature that highlights attributes of the Queen of Hearts. Her “Sovereign's Orb,” normally a small golden sphere with cross, has been replaced by an oversized globe of “tragic” face cards (Bicycle Co.) whose expressions are reminiscent of those characters told to be “Off with their heads!” This is a common theme throughout the piece. Likewise her “Sovereign's Scepter” is exaggerated and overly ornate. The hearts make up her skin whereas other suits were utilized elsewhere, and the back of the cards were used to make royal textile-like patterns. To add to

the whimsy, butterflies and flowers have been added, speaking directly to components from the story such as white roses painted red.

While Lewis Carroll may not have intended for the Queen of Hearts to have any relation to Queen Victoria, it is undeniable that such a dominant female figure would have had an influence in his life. In the end, we'll never know.

In the words of Lewis Carroll: "Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic.

Christina Tam

Alice & The Cheshire Cat



LEWIS CARROLL

Alice's Adventures Underground Original Manuscript Final Page

Then she thought, (in a dream within the dream, as it were,) how this same little Alice would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through her riper years, the simple and loving hearts of her childhood; and how she would gather around her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a wonderful tale, perhaps even with these very adventures of the little Alice of long-ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life, and the happy summer days.





Notes from Contributors

ED BREMSON ("fancy"): I took one phrase or so from each page of chapter one of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, Oxford World's Classics edition, 1998. So, line one is from page nine, line two is from page ten, etc., in order, pages 9-15.

JAMIE FELDMAN ("Explain Yourself...") *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* have long been my favorite fairytales. Alice is perhaps one of the only female protagonists who doesn't need a prince to save her, but rather discovers her strength and identity on her own through her wonderland dreams and not from the world above the rabbit hole. The inspiration for the poem is taken from a passage where, upon first meeting the caterpillar, he asks Alice to explain herself and define her identity.

JENNIFER FINSTROM ("I Confide in Alice Liddell about My Divorce"): This poem is a part of a series that I'm writing, wherein I confide in people (real or imaginary) about my divorce. Alice Liddell (and her fictional counterpart) seemed an obvious choice, particularly due to the dreamlike places those poems seem to take me. This one was certainly no exception.

JACKIE FOX ("Wonderland"): I wrote "Wonderland" after my friend Pam developed cachexia (wasting syndrome) in the final stage of her breast cancer. I was struck by the similarities to Alice growing smaller and the Cheshire cat disappearing down to his grin. The bizarre parallel universe of cancer and cancer treatment rivals anything Lewis Carroll could have dreamed up.

KRISTIN GEBER ("Alice"): I asked Kari Bruck to photograph my then-two-year-old daughter, Alice, as Alice in Wonderland at a tea party in 2014. Since this photograph was taken, Alice has been diagnosed with stage IV Neuroblastoma Cancer. We've always treasured this picture, but more so now, as Alice has lost her beautiful, blonde hair from treatment. Kari Bruck Photography is located in Johnston, Iowa. Our family lives in Des Moines, Iowa. Follow Alice's story on FaceBook at facebook.com/AlicesAvengers.

SANDRA HERMAN ("Serpent"): The central figure of this collage-drawing is a more grown-up Alice, influenced by the photographs taken of Alice Liddell by both Charles Dodgson and Julia Margaret Cameron. I wanted to show the morose older Alice. There seems to be a change in her, when compared against the curious and confrontational Alice in the childhood portraits.

JOANIE HIEGER FRITZ ZOSIKE ("Alice's Sister"): I love the character whose fate it is to linger in the shadows, and in this case she would be Alice's long-suffering sister. Like Alice B. Toklas, she probably has a story of her own, but here, as tradition would have it, she is a tool of exposition, tempered by her aboveground, sensible perspective. Who's to say?

TRISH HOPKINSON ("Why is a raven like a writing desk?"): This is a Mad Hatter quote cento poem found in the text of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll.

MATHIAS JANSSON ("Alice's beat"): My erasure poem is taken from page 84 of the Wordsworth Classics Edition (1992). On this page, Duchess is singing a lullaby to her child. I have covered the text with a John Tenniel drawing of the duchess that I have manipulated. By erasing part of the image, I have created holes where you can read the poem or the song "Alice's beat." The title could also allude to the Beat generation.

JO ANNA ELIZABETH LARSON ("Wonderland Haiku"): Haiku is my favorite form of poetry, as it challenges the mind to conform and is at the same time filled with infinite possibility. Like Wonderland!

CHAR MARCH ("How The Story Was Told"): I love the enormous pace of *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland*—it's constantly hurrying on to the next adventure and the next—so I tried to capture this in my poem. I took each of the 12 chapters, and condensed it to a single line, and made each line run into the next in a breathless scurry through the amazing imagination of the book.

ALWYN MARRIAGE ("six impossible things before breakfast"): I have a home in Guildford, where Lewis Carroll spent much of his time staying with his sisters who lived here, preached at the local church, and is buried in the cemetery.

KAREN MASSEY ("guess the riddle"): My contribution to the collection is an erasure poem based on *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. ebook: PlanetEBook.Com, p 58.

KIM NABOSHEK ("Hatta"): I make my *Through the Looking Glass* figures from a polymer clay (I use Sculpy). I start with a very large "bolt" inserted into a base, add bulk with silver foil, and build the figure over this armature. I then paint my figures with acrylics and acrylic glaze. Hatta's base is 8" wide and he stands about 19" tall.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR ("Pork and Poesy"): Lewis Carroll was very interested in spiritualism, and wrote a long humorous poem called "Phantasmagoria" about a ghost. So what is more likely than that he should return from the dead in spirit form to dictate a further adventure for Alice to a willing amanuensis, and, at the same time, leave a small clue as to the

conception of the Duchess's pig-baby. The new chapter is designed to fit neatly between Chapter 5 ("Advice from a Caterpillar") and Chapter 6 ("Pig and Pepper").

MARYBETH RUA-LARSEN ("Down the Rabbit-Hole"): Like so many people, I've come back to Alice many, many times over the years, always finding some new detail to love and admire, while purely enjoying the story and Carroll's playfulness with language. I was so happy to hear about the anthology celebrating its 150th year.

ALBERT SCHLAHT ("Wake Up"): This poem appears in my manuscript *Conversations with Alice and other teatime tales*.

ANITA SCHMALTZ ("Which Way Which Way"): Tangling in the choice, adventure brings together the twisted selves. Dark branches—empty nests. Her distorted face removed and fading into uncertainty like an old toy. *Which way, which way...where is the light coming from?*

ELVIS SCHMOULIANOFF
("Curiouser and Curiouser"):
Ever since I was a little girl, the stories of Alice and her adventures have had an absolutely phenomenal influence on my life, and as such it seemed only fitting to do a tribute to her and her creators on such a special birthday. Inspired to bring a new dimension to John Tenniel's original "Drink me" illustration, I collaborated with my dear friend—photographer Donatella Parisini and her beautiful daughter Lilu Stella—using makeup, costume, and



photography to bring Alice to life. I made the costume using paper, glue and watercolours and exclusively used cruelty-free and vegan products for the makeup—after all, as I'm sure Alice would agree, we can't very well go around testing nasty things on poor little white rabbits! To reference the very first penning of the story and thus Alice's origins, I photographed a copy of the original handwritten manuscript Dodgson gave to Alice Liddell and used a variety of techniques to incorporate his unique writing into the makeup, costume, and graphics

overlaying Donatella's beautiful photos—all in all, a very moving and thought-provoking experience.

SHLOKA SHANKAR ("Muchness"): My poems is an erasure made from Chapter VII, "A Mad Tea-Party."

SHEIKHA A. ("Alice's Dream"): I've based the poem on Hatter's perennial question, "why is a raven is like a writing desk?" and installed it into a dream sequence that offers a glimpse into Alice's mind and her experience of living a dream. Her race to wakefulness and finding meanings, the constant pinching, the desire to grow wings, the search for the writing desk and the raven's ink are a puzzle that grows curiously and curiously with every turn of either reading the book or watching the movie—discovering deeper and interesting notions that weren't spotted before.

WENDY STROHM ("Alice"): The poem is dedicated to my great-grandad (dear kind Granpop), now passed away, who gave me his childhood copy of *Alice in Wonderland*, and I think it is a very early edition indeed—possibly a first edition. It is of course priceless to me. The poem is also inspired by my niece Charlotte, who loves Alice too.

EILEEN TAI ("Wonder Bucks") "Wonder Bucks is the currency of Wonderland. The theme of the currency came from Lewis Carroll's story, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. With the Red Queen the absolute monarch of Wonderland, her signature appears on the bottom left corner to authenticate the bill. Each bill features a character from the story and the numerical value corresponds to the character. She challenged the value of paper bills and thus assigned amounts such as zero, where the numerical value on the bill is worth less than the paper on which it is printed. Carroll's characters inspire both the color palette and value of the bills. The Mad Hatter has the "pi" bill because Alice met him at a tea party where there would be "pies." The numerical spelling "THEREE. ONE FOUR" is misspelled to reflect the crazy and unpredictable nature of the Mad Hatter. I chose Carroll's original images for their iconic stature.

PABLO VALCARCEL ("The Hatter's Last Visitor"): In the text of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the Mad Hatter mentions Time as one of his acquaintances ("I daresay you never even spoke to Time!"). I found Carroll's idea of a personified time really fascinating. What sort of character would he be? Surely, a most interesting one if the Hatter called him friend. In the end, he turned out to be an excellent narrative device to explore the themes of death, loss, and solitude.

LYNN WHITE ("Through the Glass"): I always loved the Alice books and as time has gone on the ideas of drifting into dreams, trying to wake

from nightmares, and trying to comprehend how they engage with reality, seem ever more relevant to ordinary lives.

MARTIN WILLITTS JR ("Measuring"): My poem is based on the Cook's scene in the Duchess section and uses some math logic.

RACHELLE WOOD ("Painting the Roses Red"): My story is a humorous tale about the Two and Three of Spades, depicted in the classic *Alice of Wonderland* movie as the cards painting the Queen's white roses, and a romantic gesture that quickly becomes disastrous.

EMILY YU ("White Rabbit Meets Dali"): Artists are masters of creating imagined spaces. In the five pieces in this series ("The Tweedles Meet Warhol," "Card Meets Pollock," "Mad Hatter Meets Magritte," "Queen of Hearts Meets Picasso," and "White Rabbit Meets Dali") characters from Wonderland collide with five influential artist of the western world.



Contributor

Biographies

MARY JO BANG is the author of seven books of poems, including *The Last Two Seconds* (Graywolf Press, 2015), *The Bride of E*, and *Elegy*, which won the 2007 National Book Critics Circle Award in Poetry and was a New York Times Notable Book. Bang has been the recipient of numerous awards, including a fellowship from the Guggenheim Foundation, a Hodder Fellowship from Princeton University, and a Berlin Prize Fellowship from the American Academy in Berlin. Her translation of Dante's *Inferno*, with illustrations by Henrik Drescher, was published in 2012. She teaches creative writing at Washington University in St. Louis.

VIRGINIA BARRETT is a poet, artist, educator, and promoter of social justice. She is the author of five books, the most recent titled *I Just Wear My Wings: Collected Poems of an Aspiring Mystic* (Jambu Press, 2013). She has edited two anthologies of contemporary San Francisco poets, *Feather Floating on the Water: Poems for Our Children*, and *OC-CUPY SF: Poems from the Movement* (with Bobby Coleman). She is the cofounder of We Are All Poets, a youth poetry and civics program in collaboration with the San Francisco Main Library.

SABINA C. BECKER is a Canadian writer, poet, and translator. Her most recent translations are *The Table Dancer's Tale* by Lupita Domínguez (Editorial Mazatlán, 2012) and *The War Against the Gringos* by Heriberto Frías.

ROXANNA BENNETT is the author of *The Uncertainty Principle*. Her work has been published in numerous North American and UK journals, and she is a poetry editor at *Halfway Down the Stairs*.

REBECCA BOKMA is from Ontario, Canada, and has always been fascinated by *Alice in Wonderland*. For an English assignment she chose to focus on *Alice in Wonderland* and present entirely in rhyme to demonstrate that although the story is fun and lively, there is much more depth in its tales. She plans to pursue a career in theatre and literature to further her knowledge on how stories can impact lives.

ED BREMSON is an award-winning haiku poet. His poems have appeared recently in the *Longlist Anthology* of the 2011 Montreal Prize, *Wisconsin Review*, *Bamboo Hut*, *Asahi Shimbun*, *Mainichi Daily*, *Found Poetry Review*, and other publications. Many of Ed's poems have been translated and published in Mongolia, Croatia, and Slovenia. He

edited a collection of Mongolian haiku, *The Nature of Feeling*, which was published June 2014 in Mongolia and America. His proudest accomplishment to date is publishing his book of erasures entitled *Heart*, in which he erased darkness from Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Ed lives in Raleigh, North Carolina.

KARI BRUCK is a photographer located in Johnston, Iowa, who specializes in photographing children and families. Kari believes in capturing children playing, laughing, jumping, crawling, running or even at time pouting...just letting them be kids.

CATHY BRYANT worked as a life model, civil servant, and child-minder before becoming a professional writer. She has won twenty-two literary awards, including the Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Prize and the Wergle Flomp Humor Poetry Contest, and her work has appeared in over two hundred publications. Cathy's books are *Contains Strong Language and Scenes of a Sexual Nature* and *Look at All the Women* (poetry), *How to Win Writing Competitions* (nonfiction), and *Pride & Regicide: A Mary Bennet Mystery* (a novel). See her listings for cash-strapped writers at compsandcalls.com, updated on the first of every month. Cathy lives in Cheshire, United Kingdom.

KATHY BURKETT lives in Florida with her husband and beloved dachshunds. Some of her poems have appeared in *The Red Fez*, *Menacing Hedge*, *Thirteen Myna Birds*, *Nerve Cowboy*, *Bacopa*, and other publications. In addition to reading and writing, she also enjoys playing kazoo for her stuffed animals, cloud watching, and wearing odd socks.

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-1879) was a British photographer who took up photography at age forty-eight and became an innovator in the then-new art form. Her artistic influence continues to the present day.

LEWIS CARROLL (1832-1898) was the pen name of Charles Dodgson, a writer, mathematician, logician, Anglican deacon, and photographer who authored *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, first published on November 26, 1865.

MAUREEN E. DOALLAS is the author of *Neruda's Memoirs: Poems* (T.S. Poetry Press, 2011). Her work has appeared in *Open to Interpretation: Water's Edge*, *Open to Interpretation: Love & Lust*, *Oil and Water...And Other Things That Don't Mix*; Tania Runyan's *How to Read a Poem*; Marcia M. Gallo's book *No One Helped: Kitty Genovese, New York City, and the Myth of Urban Apathy*; and Felder Rushing's book *bottle trees*. Her poems can be found at Broadsided Press (*Responses: Ebola* 2014 and 2014 *Haiku Review*), *Split This Rock* (*Poems that Resist Police Brutality & Demand Racial Justice*), *Every Day Poems*, *VerseWrights*, *The Woven Tale Press*, *The*

Found Poetry Review, *The Victorian Violet Press & Journal*, *The Poetry Storehouse*, *Escape Into Life*, and other online and print publications. She blogs at writingwithoutpaper.blogspot.com, is an Artist Watch editor for *Escape Into Life*, and has a small art business, Transformational Threads. Her interviews and features appear regularly at TweetSpeak Poetry.

KALLIE FALANDAYS is the author of *All the Water All the Waves* (dancing girl press) and *Dovetail Down the House* (forthcoming from Burnside Review Press). Her poems can be found in *PANK*, *Black Warrior Review*, *CutBank*, *Salt Hill*, and elsewhere.

NETTIE FARRIS LIVES in Floyds Knobs, Indiana, and is the author of *Communion* (Accents Publishing, 2013) and *Fat Crayons* (Finishing Line Press, 2015). Her chapbook *The Wendy Bird Poems* is forthcoming from dancing girl press. In 2011, her poem "Still Life" received the Kudzu Poetry Prize, and in 2007 she received a Distinguished Teaching Award from the College of Arts and Sciences University of Louisville.

JAMIE FELDMAN is a writer/playwright from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Her writing has appeared in *Baseline Literary*, *The Big Jewel*, and *Scissors & Spackle*, among others. She is a multiple SLS Literary Merit Fellowship recipient, and her plays have been performed internationally including at The Atlantic Fringe and Short+Sweet: Sydney, Australia, Festival. She is currently completing her masters in creative writing at Trinity College in Dublin, Ireland.

JENNIFER FINSTROM teaches in the First-Year Writing Program, tutors in writing, and facilitates writing groups at DePaul University. She is the poetry editor of *Eclectica Magazine*, and recent publications include *Escape Into Life*, *Extract(s)*, *Gingerbread House Literary Magazine*, and *NEAT*. For Silver Birch Press, she has work appearing in *The Great Gatsby Anthology* and in *Ides: A Collection of Poetry Chapbooks*.

JACKIE FOX lives in Omaha, Nebraska, with her husband Bruce. Her work has appeared in numerous journals and anthologies, including *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Rattle*, Ted Kooser's *American Life in Poetry*, Silver Birch Press, and *The Untidy Season: An Anthology of Nebraska Women Poets*. Her work is forthcoming in the anthology *Parts of the Whole: Poetry of the Body* and *Bared: An Anthology on Bras and Breasts*. She has completed one semester toward an MFA in the University of Nebraska creative low-residency writing program.

KRISTIN GEBER lives with her family in Des Moines, Iowa.

SANDRA HERMAN is a painter, photographer, and digital artist living in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She holds a BFA from York University and studied 3D animation at Seneca College. Her creative practice

explores nature, femininity, and technology. She has participated in a number of group exhibitions in Toronto and Berlin.

JOANIE HIEGER FRITZ ZOSIKE'S poems often appear in Silver Birch anthologies and online. Most recently her *Bliss, Not Weight* was featured in *Ides*, a collection of chapbooks by 15 poets. Her work has also been included in the anthologies, *Between Ourselves—Letters Between Mothers and Daughters* (Ed. Karen Payne, Houghton Mifflin); *Women in American Theatre* (Eds. Helen Krich Chinoy and Linda Walsh Jenkins, Theatre Communications Group); and *Have a New York City* Vol. 3 (Ed. Peter Carlaftes, Three Rooms Press). Her poetry is in *At the Edge*, clockwise.wordpress.com, *Dissident Voice*, *Helicon 9*, *Heresies*, *International Worker*, *Jewish Daily Forward*, *Levure Littéraire*, *Maintenant*, *Nessuno Tocchi Caino*, *Rabbit and Rose*, *Womannews*, and *Zeitriss*. Joanie is a member of the legendary Living Theatre, director of the dada/surrealist theatre company, Dadanewyork, co-founder and co-director of Action Racket Theatre, a member of Theaters Against War (THAW) and New York City War Resisters League and a board member of NYC Peoples Life Fund.

TRISH HOPKINSON has always loved words—in fact, her mother tells everyone she was born with a pen in her hand. The author of two chapbooks, *Emissions* and *Pieced Into Treetops*, she has been published in several anthologies and journals, including *Found Poetry Review*, *Chagrin River Review*, and *Reconnaissance Magazine*. A project manager by profession, she resides in Utah with her handsome husband and their two outstanding children. Follow her poetry adventures at trishhopkinson.com or at on Facebook at facebook.com/trishhopinssonpoet.

VALERIE HUNTER is a high school English teacher in New Jersey, currently earning her MFA in Children's and Young Adult Literature at Vermont College of Fine Arts. Her poems have been published in journals including *Other Voices*, *Room* and *The Edison Literary Review*.

TATIANA IANOVSKAIA was born in Tbilisi, Georgia, in the former USSR, of Russian and Armenian parentage. In 1960, she graduated from Art College in Moscow, and moved to Canada with her husband and two children in 1998. Her paintings are in the collections of Ministry of Culture, Artist's Union Collection (Moscow, Russia) and in many private collections (USA, France, Israel, Canada, and Germany). She has painted icons for many churches and private collectors and has illustrated Alice and other Wonderland characters in a wide variety of books. Her Alice paintings were exhibited in *Down The Rabbit Hole*, a juried art exhibition in Bakersfield, California, and her "Queen Alice" painting was part of the *Alice: into the Looking Glass* Exhibition, in 2012

at the Noyes Museum of Art in Stockton College, New Jersey. Visit her at taniaart.net.

JUSTIN JACKLEY is an artist and art teacher in Austin, Texas. He regularly creates artwork for book covers, album covers, posters, and fliers for people around the world, and has shown his artwork in galleries from Hawaii to Sweden. More of his work is available at www.justinjackley.com.

MATHIAS JANSSON is a Swedish art critic and poet. He has contributed with visual poetry to magazines such as *Lex-ICON*, *Anatematiskpress*, *Quarter After #4*, and *Maintenant 8: A Journal of Contemporary Dada*. He has also published a chapbook at *this is visual poetry* and contributed with erasure poetry to anthologies from Silver Birch Press. Visit him mathiasjansson72.blogspot.se, or his author's page at Amazon.com.

LAURA M KAMINSKI grew up in Nigeria, went to school in New Orleans, and currently lives in rural Missouri. She is an Associate Editor at *Right Hand Pointing*, and the author of several poetry collections, most recently *Considering Luminescence* (available from Amazon) and *Dance Here* (Origami Books, an imprint of Parrésia Publishers Ltd, Lagos, Nigeria).

KEVIN KORB was a freshman at the University of Southern California working towards a degree in Psychology when he submitted a book-art piece consisting of a doublet-word ladder, enriched with a cipher, to the USC Wonderland Award in 2014.

JO ANNA ELIZABETH LARSON grew up in Wisconsin (though if you ask her, she'll say she never grew up at all). She has loved the Alice stories since childhood and jumped at the opportunity to participate in this project. She is an actress and writer who is passionate about keeping play a part of everyday life, ferreting out the fun in the mundane, and connecting to the world at large.

AE HEE LEE is South Korean by birth and Peruvian by heart and memory. She is currently an MFA candidate in the creative writing and poetry program of The University of Notre Dame and works as a graduate assistant for the university's Institute of Latino Studies. Her poetry has been published in *Cha*, *Cobalt*, *Spark: A Creative Anthology*, *Duende*, and *Ruminate*, among others.

RENEE MALLET is the author of many different pieces of nonsense. She sometimes believes as many as six impossible things before breakfast. When not running as fast as she can just to stay in place she can be found creating things and stuff at Western Avenue Studios in Lowell, Massachusetts or with her family in southern New Hampshire. Visit her at www.ReneeMallett.com.

CHAR MARCH has won awards for her poetry, playwriting, and short fiction. Her credits include a short story collection, *Something Vital Fell Through*; five poetry collections, including *The Thousand Natural Shocks*; six BBC Radio 4 plays, and seven stage plays. She lives in the Yorkshire Pennines, and the Scottish Highlands—so she obviously likes rain! She has been active in the Disability Politics Movement throughout her adult life.

ALWYN MARRIAGE's poetry is widely published in magazines and anthologies, and four of her eight published books have been poetry. She has won and been placed in a number of competitions, held Poet in Residence posts with Ballet Rambert and with the Winchester Arts Festival, and been awarded an international Rockefeller scholarship. She is currently Managing Editor of Oversteps Books, holds a research fellowship at the University of Surrey, and gives readings all over Britain and abroad. Previously she has been a university lecturer, chief executive of two NGOs and editor of a journal. Visit her at marriages.me.uk/alwyn.htm.

KAREN MASSEY lives in Ottawa, Canada, between the canal and the river. Her second chapbook, *Strange Fits of Beauty & Light* is from above/ground press, 2014. Her work has received prizes and appeared in literary journals and anthologies, including *Decalogue: Ten Ottawa Poets* (Chaudiere Books). Her erasure poetry has been published in anthologies including *The Bukowski Erasure Poetry Anthology* (Silver Birch Press) and online including at Inky Needles, ottawater, Bukowski on Wry, Silver Birch Press, and the *Là Bloom* special Bloomsday issue of the *Found Poetry Review*.

KIM NABOSHEK lives in Dallas, Texas, and has been collecting Lewis Carroll books and ephemera for about twenty-five years. Her specialty is collecting different illustrators of the Alice books (now at over four hundred different illustrators from around the world). She wanted a collection of Alice figures and found a lot of them available from Alice in Wonderland but few from *Through the Looking Glass*. She decided to make them herself. She is a self-taught artist and making her Looking Glass figures was a labor of love. She made her first figure in 2002 and her last one in 2008. There are thirty figures in the set (the smallest is the "flying bottle" from the banquet scene, and the largest is the White Knight on his horse).

MICHAEL O'CONNOR is a writer and freelance editor who lives in Kent, England. His short fiction has appeared in numerous UK/North American print and online magazines as well as in one single-author and several multi-author anthologies. He wrote the nonfiction book *From Chaucer to Childish: Writers and Artists in the Medway Towns* in 2006 and

the e-novella *Cages* in 2010. In addition, he has written essays and book reviews for *The Baum Bugle* (Journal of the International Wizard of Oz Club), and *The Carrollian*, and is a longstanding member of The Lewis Carroll Society (LCS), for which he edits their quarterly newsletter and serves on their committee and on the editorial board of their academic journal *The Carrollian* (Journal of the Lewis Carroll Society, LCS). Until January 2015, he edited the LCS's quarterly newsletter and served on their committee and editorial board. His latest published book to date is *All in the Golden Afternoon: the Origins of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, available from the LCS website: lewiscarrollssociety.org.uk. His website is mpoconnor.co.uk.

DONATELLA PARISINI is a professional portrait, fashion, and fine art photographer based in Byron Bay, Australia. Her career in fashion commenced in her early twenties—working as a model and a stylist in Europe's major cities before relocating to Australia in the mid-90s. There, her unique creative style, combined with a genuine passion for life and connection, led her to transition to her current role as one of Byron Bay's most highly renowned professional photographers. Known for her keen eye for beauty and composition and an undeniable ability to relax and elate those around her, Donatella's technical expertise, infectious positivity, and decades of industry experience have attracted clients nationwide. Her work includes cosmetic campaigns, independent designer collections, look books, accessory lines, modeling portfolios, musician promos, professional rebranding, portraiture, and fine art photography. Her work has been featured in numerous publications both in and out of Australia. Visit her at donatella.com.au.

ERIN PARKER won her first creative writing contest when she was eleven, and has been writing ever since. Her work has been published by *Uno Kudo*, *Red Fez*, *Drunk Monkeys*, *Cadence Collective*, *Lost in Thought*, *Timid Pirate Publishing*, *The Altar Collective*, *Santa Fe Lit Review*, and *Lucid Moose Lit's* anthology *Like a Girl: Perspectives on Female Identity*. Erin was nominated for Best of the Net 2014, and is an editor for *Uno Kudo* and *JMWW*. She is the author of *The Secret and the Sacred*, a collection of short fiction from Unknown Press. Visit her online at erinparker.com.

MARYBETH RUA-LARSEN lives on the south coast of Massachusetts and teaches at Bristol Community College. Her poems, essays, flash fiction and reviews have appeared or are forthcoming in *The Raintown Review*, *Angle*, *Cleaver*, *The Poetry Bus*, *Measure*, and *Unsplendid*. She won the 2011 Over the Edge New Writer of the Year Competition in Poetry

in Galway, Ireland, and her chapbook *Nothing In-Between* was published in 2014 by Barefoot Muse Press.

JAYME RUSSELL received her MA in Poetry from Ohio University and her MFA in Poetry from The University of Notre Dame. Her work can be found in *Black Warrior Review*, *PANK*, *Tiny Donkey*, *Prelude*, *Tender-Loin*, and *Columbia Poetry Review*.

RIZWAN SALEEM is a banker based in Dubai, UAE. The thoughts and expressions detailed in his works are of his various escapades suffered through life and of the profound surprise of having survived long enough to pen them into words. His poems have appeared in anthologies, including *Twenty Seven Signs* by Lady Chaos Press and *Self-Portrait Poetry Collection* by Silver Birch Press.

ALBERT SCHLAHT, a native of Big Sky Country, resides in western Montana where he enjoys hiking, fishing, and the cool mountain breezes that blow down streams, enticing his imagination to flow. He received his B.A. in English from the U. of Montana in 2000. His poems have appeared in *Copperfield Review*, *Shamrock haiku*, *Presence*, *Sci-faikuest*, *My Light Magazine*, *Blood Moon Rising*, and *Trellis*. His first self-published book of poems, *Singers in the Skull*, appeared in 2011.

ANITA SCHMALTZ is a painter, photographer, writer, and singer-songwriter who earned a BFA from the College for Creative Studies and a Masters of Creative Writing from Wayne State University in Detroit, the city where she was born. She's written reviews and articles on performing arts for the *Metro Times Weekly*, and teaches creative writing in Detroit public schools through the InsideOut Literary Arts Project. Schmaltz lives in Metro Detroit, where she is forever experimenting with the relationship between love and death in her words, artwork, and evolving music project *TeleVision Faerie Tale*—where she merges modern-day electronic innovation with storytelling in the king's court.

ELVIS SCHMOULIANOFF is a professional makeup artist from London who loves to dabble in costume, photography, filmmaking, and any other medium she can incorporate into the decoration and transformation of the human canvas. Having completed a BA Honours Degree in Makeup & Prosthetics at London College of Fashion in 2009, she has since been bouncing around the globe and is currently working freelance in the UK and Australia, where—to her disappointment—people don't go around walking on their heads. A firm believer in animal rights, she is dedicated to only using cruelty-free and vegan products and hopes that through her work she might inspire others to do so too. Visit her at elvisschmoulianoff.com.

DUSTIN SCOTT is a writer, artist, musician, and performer. His short story "The Last Words of Tim Dawson" was published in the *Chaffey Review* in 2012 and he self-published his first poetry collection in 2014. Dustin is currently working on a serialized fiction story about a murderous clown that he is collaborating with artists from around the world and posting on his blog. You can follow his activity @OddDustin on Twitter.

SHLOKA SHANKAR is a freelance writer from India. She loves experimenting with all forms of the written word, and has happily found her niche in Japanese short forms such as haiku, senryu, haibun, and found/remixed poetry. Her found poem "Opus" was nominated for the Best of the Net Anthology in 2015. Shloka is also the founding editor of the literary & arts journal *Sonic Boom*.

SHEIKHA A. currently lives in Karachi, Pakistan, after moving there from the United Arab Emirates, and believes the transition has definitely stimulated a different tunnel of thought. She is the author of a short poetry collection titled *Spaced* (Hammer and Anvil Books, 2013). Her work appears in numerous publications and anthologies, and she also edits poetry for *eFiction India*. Find more of her poems at sheikha82.wordpress.com.

M.M. SHELLINE Lives in Utah and is a mother to three young daughters and the wife of an artist who showed her the magical world of art. Since that day, she took some classes, keeps learning on her own, and has not been able to quench the desire to create art. View her current projects at mmshelline.com.

A. E. (ALICIA) STALLINGS studied classics in Athens, Georgia, and has lived since 1999 in Athens, Greece. She has published three books of poetry, *Archaic Smile* (1999)—winner of the Richard Wilbur Award—*Hapax* (2000), and *Olives* (2012). Her new verse translation of *Lucretius* (in rhyming fourteeners!), *The Nature of Things*, is published by Penguin Classics. She is the recipient of fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation and the MacArthur Foundation. She lives with her husband, John Psaropoulos, editor of the *Athens News*, and their small argonaut, Jason.

KATARINA STANIC grew up in Belgrade, Serbia, and now calls Sacramento, California, home. She is a lifestyle, portrait, and event photographer who absolutely loves her job and everything that comes with it. She appreciates the people she meets, places she goes, beauty of each and every ordinary or extraordinary day, and the ability to enjoy small wonders in her life. She appreciates the reality of everyday life, the passing beauty of those in between moments and does her best to take every picture with that in mind. She wants viewers to relate to

her photographs through recognition and familiarity with the situation, energy, and most of all emotions.

WILLIAM STOK is an Italian artist who has lived and worked both in London and Milan for over thirty years. His twenty-four-metre-long “Alice’s House” drawing installation, inspired by his two children when they were young, has been shown both in Italy and England, most recently in Homerton College Cambridge for the Lewis Carroll anniversary celebrations. He has exhibited paintings and sculpture in numerous English and European galleries. A retrospective of his work was held in Accademia Italiana, London in 1993 and he recently exhibited over fifty works at Fondazione Rossini, Briosco.

WENDY STROHM loves to write poetry, and she belongs to a writing group called Ink Well. Wendy has a popular poetry blog/website and also produces small booklet samples of her work to give away at readings and other events. Some of her poems have been featured in magazines and on websites, and she has won competitions and awards for her writing. Influenced heavily by the use of rhythm and rhyme, she prefers to keep the language simple in her work so that a wide audience can enjoy her poems. Visit her at wendystrohm.co.uk.

ROBYN SYKES is a prize-winning and published Australian spoken-word poet who grew up with Alice quotes gracing the dinner conversations of her country-town home. A former newspaper editor, she now lives with her husband on a farm in regional New South Wales, surrounded by her inspiration. A second poetry collection is incubating.

EILEEN TAI was a junior at the University of Southern California, working towards a degree in Fine Arts when she submitted Wonder Bucks to the USC Wonderland Award.

CHRISTINA TAM is an illustrator and designer. Her work is heavily influenced by Asian culture along with various Asian comic drawing styles.

JOHN TENNIEL (1820-1914) was an English illustrator and political cartoonist, who was knighted for his artistic achievements by Queen Victoria in 1893. He illustrated *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland* (1865) and *Through the Looking-Glass* (1871).

PABLO VALCARCEL’s stories have been published at *Sidereal Journal*, *Quail Bell*, and other publications. In 2013, he won the prestigious *Hijos de Mary Shelley* Spanish award. He’s based in Madrid, where he mentors startups. You can follow his musings on mortality, Scrum for writers, and haunting songs on Twitter: @awakedreamer.

AMY SCHREIBMAN WALTER is an American poet living in London. A recent Visiting Writer at The American Academy of Rome, Amy’s

poems have appeared in numerous publications on either side of the Atlantic, including *The Great Gatsby Anthology* (Silver Birch Press, 2015). She is the co-editor of *here/there:poetry*.

LYNN WHITE lives in north Wales. Her work is influenced by issues of social justice and events, places, and people she has known or imagined. She is especially interested in exploring the boundaries of dream, fantasy, and reality. Her poem "A Rose For Gaza" was shortlisted for the Theatre Cloud "War Poetry for Today" competition 2014 and has since been published in several journals and anthologies. Poems have also recently been included in Harbinger Asylum's Literary Journal and *A Moment To Live By* anthology, Stacey Savage's *We Are Poetry: An Anthology of Love Poems*, ITWOW, *She Did It Anyway*, Community Arts Ink's *Reclaiming Our Voices*, *The Border Crossed Us*, and a number of online and print journals.

MARTIN WILLITTS JR is a retired librarian. His poems have appeared in several of the Silver Birch poetry series, as well as *Blue Fifth Review*, *Turtle Island Quarterly*, *Comstock Review*, *Kentucky Review*, and others. He has eight full-length collections and over twenty chapbooks. His most recent collection is *Before Anything, There Was Mystery* (Flutter Press, 2014), and *Irises, the Lightning Conductor For Van Gogh's Illness* (Aldrich Press, 2014), and *Late All Night Sessions with Charlie "the Bird" Parker and the Members of Birdland*, in *Take-Three* (A Kind Of a Hurricane Press, 2015).

RACHELLE WOOD is a writer in Indianapolis who is also an event coordinator by day and a leader in her local NaNoWriMo group by night. Her work has been published in multiple anthologies, and she writes a blog about words called "Once Upon A Lexicon." She enjoys binge-watching Netflix, swing dancing, taking pictures of her puppies, and drinking wine. Lots and lots of wine.

ANDREW WOODHAM was a graduate student at the University of Southern California, working towards a PhD in Genetics Molecular and Cellular Biology, when he submitted his essay and sculpture to the USC Wonderland Award.

EMILY YU was a Fine Arts student at the University of Southern California when she submitted her five drawings for the Wonderland Award contest.



Acknowledgments

“Alice in Wonderland” by Mary Jo Bang in her collection *The Eye Like a Strange Balloon* (Grove, 2004).

“Upon Seeing Alice in 3D” by Maureen E. Doallas originally published in *Neruda’s Memoirs: Poems* (T.S. Poetry Press, 2011).

“Wonderland” by Jackie Fox previously published in Issue 10 of *Touch: A Journal of Healing*.

“Jump into Wonderland” by Tania Ianovskaia published in *Nasha Canada*, January 2015.

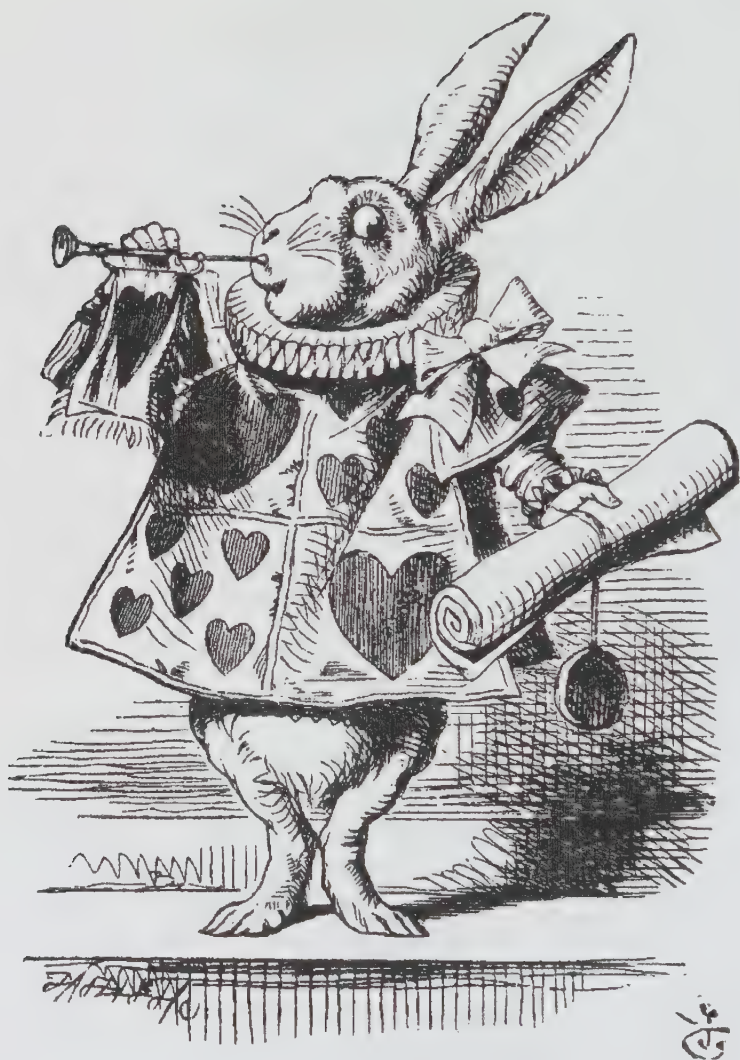
“Doormouse Revision” by Laura M. Kaminski first appeared under the title “Mad Hatter” in *last penny the sun* (Balkan Press, 2014).

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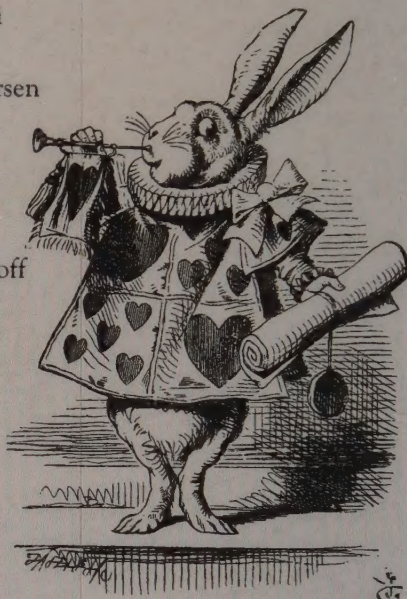
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